MAY 5 — 11, 1979

Eve's Weekly

Rs. 1.50

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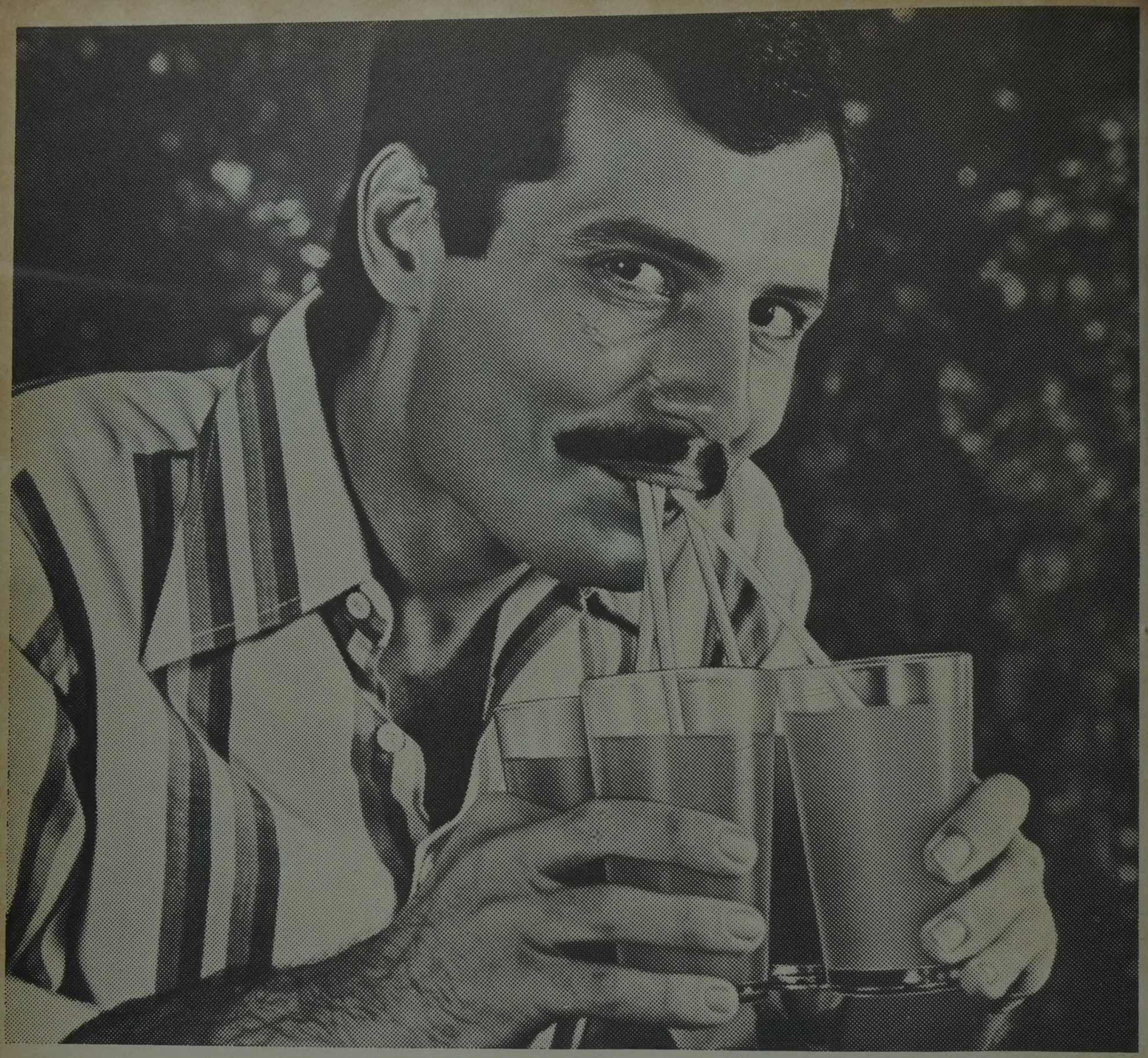

Rasna. You just can't stop at one... and you don't have to!

Each clever little pack of Rasna (made in a fully automatic plant) makes 2 whole bottles of syrup... enough for 32 generous glasses! Have Rasna with water or fizz it up with soda. Gulp, gulp...delicious!

So easy to make:
Just mix Rasna with water and add sugar. 10 exciting flavours to choose from.

Also available in bulk packs that make 125 drinks each.

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A clean, healthy skin doesn't happen by magic

A clean, healthy skin is a woman's stepping stone to beauty. No magical potion can produce clean, healthy skin. It can only be achieved by daily skin care, with the right scientifically formulated preparation.

Max Factor's Double Depth Cleansing Lotion is just that. It is a rich formula specially prepared to penetrate deep down into the pores of your skin to dislodge the dust and dirt particles that ordinary soap and water and even other cleansing lotions cannot reach. Just clean your skin with Max Factor's Double Depth Cleansing Lotion once a day, before bedtime. Then see your skin—clean, young, healthy.

When you use the right preparation, maybe clean, healthy skin does happen by magic after all.

MAX FACTOR
Double Depth
Cleansing Lotion

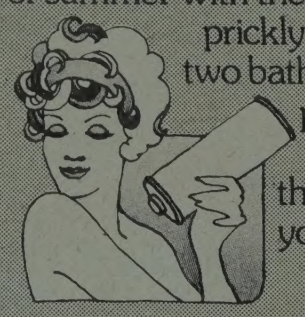
from the beautiful world of Max Factor... naturally

When the heat's on, play it cool. Four ways to outwit summer :

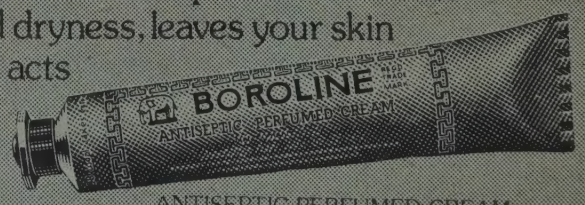
1 The faster the sun dries up your system, the more your skin needs moisture. Drink plenty of water and fresh fruit juice if you can.

2 It's alright to be a sun lover. The sun's rays have Vitamin D which is vital to the skin. But too much direct exposure could harm your skin. An umbrella is a must if you're going out. Wear light, cool clothes to keep out the heat. And guard the delicate skin round your eyes with sunglasses.

3 Oh those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer with their sweat rash and prickly heat! Have at least two baths a day and powder yourself liberally, specially those places where you tend to perspire.



4 Keep a Boroline tube handy and use it last thing at night. Smooth in this perfumed antiseptic cream all over – specially when you come in from the sun. Boroline prevents summer rashes, chapping and dryness, leaves your skin smooth and healthy. It also acts as a gentle antiseptic for minor cuts and wounds.



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RADHIKA AVASTY

Nineteen-year-old Radhika is a third year student of Lady Shriram College, Delhi, studying for her honours degree in Economics. After B.A. she hopes to enter the I.A.S. and perhaps do M.B.A. as well. Requests for modelling have not distracted her from her ambition to pursue a career. Widely travelled all over India and Africa.

Bridal Make-up Courtesy : Bindiya Beautician, Welcomhotel Maurya, New Delhi.

Photograph : Pavan Bali

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THIS WEEK

MAY 5 — 11, 1979

WOMEN AND ACHIEVEMENT

Research in recent times has revealed that women are less achievement-oriented than men. Accepting this as proof of the validity of traditional concepts about women and their role in society is too facile. The question is why it is so.

Page 10.

CHILDREN SPEAK OUT

Kids these days have a lot to say and don't think twice about saying it.

Page 34.

THE MENACE OF EVE-TEASING

Eve-teasing is such a popular sport in Delhi that it is becoming virtually impossible for women to step out of their homes without being molested in some way. A report.

Page 49.

ARRANGEMENT OR LOVE?

A survey of middle-class attitudes towards arranged and "love" marriages.

Page 20.

MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE

How does marriage affect the careers and lives of women doctors?

Page 22.

ALSO

Starring Stripes : Knit yourself a colourful top — **Page 15** Women in Focus : Sudha Mokashi, research into fishing — **Page 19** Special Jewellery for Brides — **Page 25** Special Fashion Feature : A trousseau with a difference — **Page 28** Eve's Weekly/Sophistication : A peek into the recent grand fashion shows in Bombay and Delhi — **Page 45** Consumer Awareness : Processed baby foods under scrutiny — **Page 53** "Sand Through My Fingers" : Concluding part — **Page 26** Film Feature : Shyam Benegal's heroines — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty/**17**, Cookery/**36**, Short Story/**41**, Comics/**47**, Frankly Speaking/**57**, Answers to Quiz 22/**57**, True Confession/**58**, People & Events/**60**, Horoscope/**62.**

HMV Fiesta Popular.
It's India's largest-selling record player.

When we put the Fiesta Popular in the market, we hoped to put music within the reach of as many homes as possible. We gave it everything music lovers would want in a compact, sturdy set. Starting with a very reasonable price tag ! For both AC and Battery models. We built in a powerful, wide-frequency range amplifier and a place-it-anywhere, lid-mounted, matching speaker. A tone control for fine adjustment of bass and treble sounds. A 3-speed turntable to play all types of records. All this because we wanted the Fiesta Popular to take more music to more people...and, before we knew it, it had become the largest-selling record player in the country ! Today, there are 2,50,000 Fiesta homes spread all over India. You can be sure there's an HMV Fiesta playing somewhere right now.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

One day I caught my new maid servant stealing Bournvita from the kitchen. I was furious. But before I could say anything, she fell crying at my feet and said, "Please forgive me. I am a poor widow with many mouths to feed. My youngest daughter is ill, and crying for Bournvita, just for the taste of it." Hunger! Starvation! I don't know what it was that I saw in her eyes, but it made me reply, "I believe you; take away the whole tin." After some days her daughter died.

How many of us have faith in humanity? It is true that nowadays, servants harass us and even turn to murder! But a large majority of them do our dirty work for the bare necessities of life. We do not think twice before emptying a crate of cold drinks or a tin of biscuits. But when it comes to servants, we often complain of how much they eat! A little regard for those who serve us could go a long way towards improving employer-servant relationships.

ANITA UDVAYAR, Hyderabad.

One has only to see the leftovers from parties, wedding feasts and festival dinners to realise that, in our country, there is starvation in the midst of plenty. We pay lip service to the suffering of the poor, yet we object when they help themselves to some of the good fortune we luckily happen to have. Servants are rarely treated as human beings — they are merely slaves to whom we toss a meagre pay packet every month to do all our chores.

2nd PRIZE

WOMEN AND CATTLE

Day after day, as I turn over the pages of various daily papers, I see a wave of every kind of crime, all over the country, rising steeply, and amongst the crimes that hit one's eye are rapes, suicides and murders of young women and young brides, many of whom are tortured beyond endurance and often in a diabolic manner. How does society allow this, society which has thrown up its hands in horror and fury because of the disgraceful humiliation offered to Indian prospective brides entering England? We have double standards and are steeped in hypocrisy. There is no other country in the world where women and cattle are treated in the most cruel and humiliating manner, as is done in India. Not that I bracket women and cattle together, but what I mean is that India proclaims women and cattle are most sacred to us. Even in the year 1979 we see women treated as beasts of burden and, in the face of all the brutalities that abound around us, we threated to fast unto death to stop cow slaughter when we see over three hundred million people practically starved for want of cheap nutritious food, and women raped and young brides slaughtered because they have not brought in enough dowry.

DR. I.E.J. DAVID, Nagpur.

Yes, hypocrisy is our middle name. We are quick to take offence when our women are humiliated abroad, but what we do to them here is ten times worse — much worse, because we boast that women are goddesses and that men have built pedestals for them. As for cow slaughter, this is hypocrisy at its ugliest. It is certainly not love for the cow that produces more loud protests and useless fasts.

3rd PRIZE

DIRTY GAME?

Your readers are always complaining about males and voice their views, sometimes very bitterly, about the misdeeds of males. I have yet to come across an article in your magazine, from any of your female readers, which has a word of appreciation for the males. Are men so bad that nobody has a word of praise for them? I have marked many times, that most of your female readers put the entire blame on their husbands, if anything goes wrong in their life. I agree that most of the time it is the man who dominates a woman's life but even then, it is most unfair to shift the entire blame on males or husbands. There are many aspects in our life wherein female views are liberally followed by the husbands. Sometimes, I wonder why our fair sex is so unjust towards the males. Yes, there are many men who have persecuted their wives or murdered them. But are not there many wives, too, who even beat their husbands, or most cruelly persecute them or have even murdered their husbands? If men commit adultery, many women, too, do the same thing and deceive their honest husbands. Then why blame only men? The fair sex is equally bad. It is only a question of criticism and comparison. If the fair sex can write the worst possible things about males, men, too, can do the same. Let us therefore stop this dirty game.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE, Indore

It is not true to say that we are unfair to the male. In fact, next week's issue of this magazine is entirely devoted to the male and we have taken up cudgels on behalf of men. There may be women who beat their husbands or are unfaithful to them — but, how many? They are individual cases, tormented by their circumstances but the men do it as a matter of right emanating from their belief in their own superiority!

IN GOD'S NAME

I was under the illusion that human sacrifice was a custom, prevalent among tribal communities living in jungles. It was mind-shocking to learn that even civilised people in urban areas indulged in such a ghoulish act. Recently, a posh new theatre was constructed in our city. As per the custom, a child had to be sacrificed to prevent the building from crumbling down! So the victim was chosen from the slums, but fortunately the kid was rescued and the culprits punished.

There are many festivals whose celebrations are incomplete without animal sacrifice. I'm sure God doesn't smile in satisfaction to see his handiwork being destroyed by ruthless hands. Moreover, the main intention behind animal and human sacrifice is to propitiate the gods and get one's desires fulfilled. Really! What a distorted image of God. This is one extreme where slaughter of life is justifed in the name of religion. At the other extreme, we have Jain 'sadhavis' who cover their mouths with a white cloth, to prevent microscopic germs being killed!

JAYA CHORAN, Secunderabad

No punishment is too stringent for the perperators of this worst of crimes. Tradition, custom and superstition have played havoc with our sense and sensibilities. Our aim should be to annihilate these old norms and for that, our young people must take over . . .

MOTHERS FIRST

How sad to hear and read time and again all those educated, sophisticated ladies advocating leave comforts, babysitters, creches and other facilities to relieve them from looking after their children. At a time when it is quite clear that maternal deprivation can have serious and lasting consequences it is strange that the very mothers who ought to be aware of this are putting their own careers first and their children's needs second. Should our offspring join the ranks of the deprived because their mothers are highly educated and are working?

J. S. ACHARYA, Hyderabad

It is not maternal deprivation that can have these serious and lasting consequences. It is parental deprivation. Let us get our facts correct.

RATAN BATRA/RSM/E/05-A

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

CO-EDUCATION DOES NOT HELP

The article, "All the world watches a lover" (March 3) reveals the tricks which young college girls and boys have to resort to at home to hoodwink their parents when they have to meet. This only shows that prolonged co-education in most of the universities has not been of any use in developing a natural relationship between the sexes.

I know of many girls whose families are so orthodox that even for a movie they have to tell lies at home. So, the question of having boy-friends is completely out of the question, at least in small cities. Moreover, the parents are unable to accept the very idea of their overly protected daughter having a boyfriend. If parents have faith and confidence in their children there would be no reason for the latter to make up stories and break their confidence. And the respect for parents in the children's hearts would be doubled.

ALKA JOSHI, Jodhpur

LANGUAGE CONTROVERSY

In the survey on the language controversy in Bengal, by Susmita Singhi (March 17) there is a statement: 'Even in the south the general public can communicate in Hindi.' I do not know how many times the writer has visited my native place, leave alone communicated with people there. Contrary to her idea, it is only the elite or the intelligentsia who may mutter a word or two in Hindi, not the masses. Hindi films are screened mainly in towns and do not reach many of the villages, the populace of which forms over 70 per cent of the south. In any case, it is absurd to co-relate their popularity with the familiarity of Hindi. For that matter, in my native suburban place, 'The Guns of Navarone' was a hit for several days. Does that mean the British accent, leave alone the language, is so common-place there?

The writer had no apparent reason to drag in the south when she was primarily concerned with Bengal.

The claim that Hindi is spoken by the majority of Indians is disproved even by the official census.Hindi has a bright future, but not by subduing the other languages which have a far richer heritage. I am glad that she has identified the problem as having started only after adoption of our constitution, when Dr. Rajendra Prasad cast his decisive vote in favour of Hindi, with the constituent assembly sharply divided midway over the language issue.

R. SUNDARARAJAN, Delhi

APPRECIATION

My hearty congratulations to Eve's Weekly for publishing such eye-opening articles in connection with the International Year of the Child. They leave a long lasting effect on the reader. I have read with keen interest "The Right Not To Be Born" (March 17). I hope you will continue to provide information and entertainment of the same standard.

C. S. NEELALEKSHMI, Trivandrum

BEHIND THE FACE

It was heartening to see a plain middle aged lady on the cover of your issue dated March 17. Often people get the impression that yours is a very aristocratic and sophisticated magazine catering to only the social elite. This is mainly because of the cover. The glamour-girl image that your cover usually portrays has discouraged many middle-class families from buying it. They think your inside will be as glossy as the outside. It is only people who have really read through your issues who know how many pages you devote to the down-trodden and the under-dog. The social service that you have been doing silently through the pages of your magazine are being ignored because of the glamour-puss covers.

SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore

WIN MORE MONEY

AS MUCH AS RS. 200 TO BE WON!

In order to give quiz enthusiasts a longer span of time in which to send in their entries, the Eve's Weekly Quiz Contest will be a monthly feature in the last issue of every month, starting with the issue dated May 26, 1979. The prize money has been increased to Rs. 200. If there is more than one all-correct entry, this will be divided equally among all the winners. On the other hand, when there is no all-correct entry, the amount will be carried over — to make an astounding prize of Rs. 400 and perhaps even Rs. 600! (But we hope there will always be an all correct entry!) So keep a look out for this new opportunity to test your aptitude as well as win a lot of money!

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST-22

1. Albert Einstein.
2. Kuala Lumpur.
3. Z. A. Bhutto.
4. Perennials.
5. Mauritius and Nepal. Bhutan too uses the rupee, apart from its own currency.
6. February 20.
7. Joi Baba Felunath.
8. I. K. Gujral.
9. S. H. Vatsyayan "Agye".
10. Admiral R. L. Pereira.
11. National Badminton Championships.
12. Cardinals.

None of our readers was able to send in an all-correct solution to this quiz. The prize money of Rs. 50 will be carried forward.

WHATEVER HER POTENTIAL AND AND TALENT, MAN EXPECTS WOMAN TO HAVE TWO GOALS — MAN AND A 'HAPPY HOME'. THIS CONDITIONING BEGINS FROM CHILDHOOD WHEN SHE IS GIVEN A DOLL AND A TOY COOKING SET. IF SHE PURSUES A CAREER INSTEAD AND SUCCEEDS IN IT, SOCIETY RAISES ITS EYEBROWS

Rehana Ghadially

The uncrowned queen of India. Her qualities were considered so 'unfeminine' that she was called "the only man in the Union cabinet" during her reign.

DESIRE TO ACHIEVE, FEAR OF SUCCESS

"What does a woman want?" — was the query of Freud. Anna an alert and healthy young woman who started college this year wants a lot. She projects her future, albeit idealistically, that encompasses the possibilities of her developing not just into full womanhood but, more importantly, developing herself as a person — an individual in her own right. She feels that limiting herself to the four walls of the house may not do enough justice to her unique potential and individuality; neither will a single-minded pursuit of a career bring the much-needed sense of satisfaction and fulfilment. Here is a girl whose areas of achievement include much more than has been traditionally granted to her. Whether she will be able to realize her dreams will depend upon factors within her and those imposed by family and culture.

Psychologists in recent years have become concerned about the meagre achievement displayed by women, the oft-quoted statement being: "Have you ever heard of a woman Shakespeare?" Achievement is considered a psychological need and is expressed in varying amounts by different individuals. One important finding both in the West and in India has been that men are more achievement-oriented than women. Before we go into the why of this difference, let us see what is achievement motivation.

It has been considered as a need to do well, to improve, to excel at a task. The common core of accepted meaning is that it involves competition with a standard of excellence which has been self set or set by others. Achievement is linked usually to academic success and to success in the world of work specially business, sales and management. Since higher education and pursuit of occupational goals are now seen, though reluctantly by some, as appropriate to the female role, the desire to accomplish in the class and in one's job is felt by many women.

This brings us to the nature of achievement behaviour in women. Achievement takes on different shades and meanings in a woman and may be expressed at different times in her life cycle. In fact, one researcher considers need for achievement in women as a "now you see it now you don't" phenomena.

Certain child-rearing factors have been considered essential to the development of the need for achievement in children. In any culture a child is expected to learn a number of skills — be it dressing, cycling or knowing the neighbourhood. Mothers who have achieving children usually demand that they learn these skills as early as possible. If mastery over tasks and independence are encouraged at an early age, the need for achievement is more likely to develop. Equaly important is the role of parents in rewarding children for having tried a particular skill. The message from the parents to the children is simple. There are many tasks one has to perform; therefore do them well and do them on your own. It may be obvious to many that self-reliance and autonomy are rarely encouraged in our children and much less in girls.

In a study of 110 cultures it was found that 87 per cent of the cultures emphasized achievement trait in boys and fewer than 3 per cent of the cultures emphasized this trait in girls.

Anita considers herself very fortunate that her husband makes enough money to employ an ayah to take care of their two under-ten children. Having a servant around the house heightens the children's sense of dependency. It creates a mental set in them that their needs and comforts will be taken care of by others.

To stretch the argument further, McClelland, a specialist in the study of achievement motivation, argued that the downfall of the Greek civilzation was partly due to the fact that Greek families accumulated wealth and hired slaves to look after their children. These children failed to developed the need for achiement and consequently their cultural accomplishments deteriorated.

Since our primary concern here is women and achievement, mothers with daughters may be curious to know why some women in adolescence and adult-

hood display achievement behaviours, while others don't. As far as child-rearing patterns and their relationship to the development of achievement behaviours in women are concerned, the findings are fairly clear. The mother has a choice of bringing up her daughter to be feminine, what some people call 'superwoman' or to be achievement-oriented. If she displays excessive warmth, overprotection and intense emotional attachment, the daughter grows up to be feminine.

Rita in her desire to be a devoted and loving mother, physically fondles the child, is alert to even the smallest sign of cough

Nandini Satpathy, another political achiever. She was met with suspicion and put down at the earliest opportunity.

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and cold, prevents her daughter from getting into rough activities for fear that she will hurt herself, and generally does not let her out of sight. When too much fuss is created over minor pitfalls, which are best ignored, the stage is set for passivity and need for security, both antagonistic to achievement development. Achievement orientation, on the other hand, is associated with self-assertion, competitiveness and autonomy, all of which are incongruent with traditional feminine traits. The development of achievement attributes require medium amounts of warmth and protection but not so much as to make it difficult for the daughter to move away emotionally and physically from the mother. In the case of a male child, a very warm mother will leave him unscathed as far as the need for achievement is concerned, but a dominating father will surpress his achievement strivings.

At school, girls do just as well as, or better than, boys in academic performance. Some girls by virtue of excelling in academics begin to see achievement as part of their self-image. However, upon entering college even bright women are likely to suppress this part of their self-image. They become more preoccupied with issues of femininity, and social pressures to get married increase.

A college friend of mine loved attending the classes and frequenting the library, but by her senior year she began to totter as her relatives and neighbours reminded her that no matter how much she studied, she would eventually find herself in the kitchen.

Boys, on the other hand, are eager to excel at academics at this stage because they see clear-cut linkages between education and vocational identity. **Just as young men are faced with the problem of defining themselves in terms of the occupation they wish to pursue, young women are faced with the problem of defining themselves in terms of the man they will marry.**

A number of investigators have argued that parents encourage dependency and submissiveness in girls, as a result of which women develop strong needs for affiliation, that is, a need for close friends, getting along with people and being socially approved. This need may help or hinder her achievement strivings. A man will achieve for the intrinsic satisfaction involved in doing a job well. A woman will go ahead and achieve if it brings love and approval from significant people in her life. Since her self-esteem is so tied with the reaction of others, she can rarely approach the task for the sake of the task. Very few women are willing to risk affection and approval for achievement purposes. In this case, one can only hope

Lata Mangeshkar. Unique gift of God, supreme achievement. She had no time for man.

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that a woman who values achievement is surrounded by people who support her achievement tendencies.

Anna, whom we met at the beginning of this discussion, will be closer to realizing her life's dreams provided parents, and more crucially the man she loves or is engaged to, not just tolerate but actively encourage her need for self-expression in the area of her choice outside the home.

A related explanation is that if her affiliative needs are well satisfied — usually this happens with a stable marriage partner and a family — her dormant achievement striving may seek expression 'largely in the form of going back for further education, developing vocational skills, or finding a job. The work of Baruch — a well-known psychologist — indicates that on completion of their studies, the majority of women prefer to marry and start a family. Once the children are grown up, the women experience the limitations of the traditional housewife's role and wish to chalk out a life-style that will permit development of their abilities and potential.

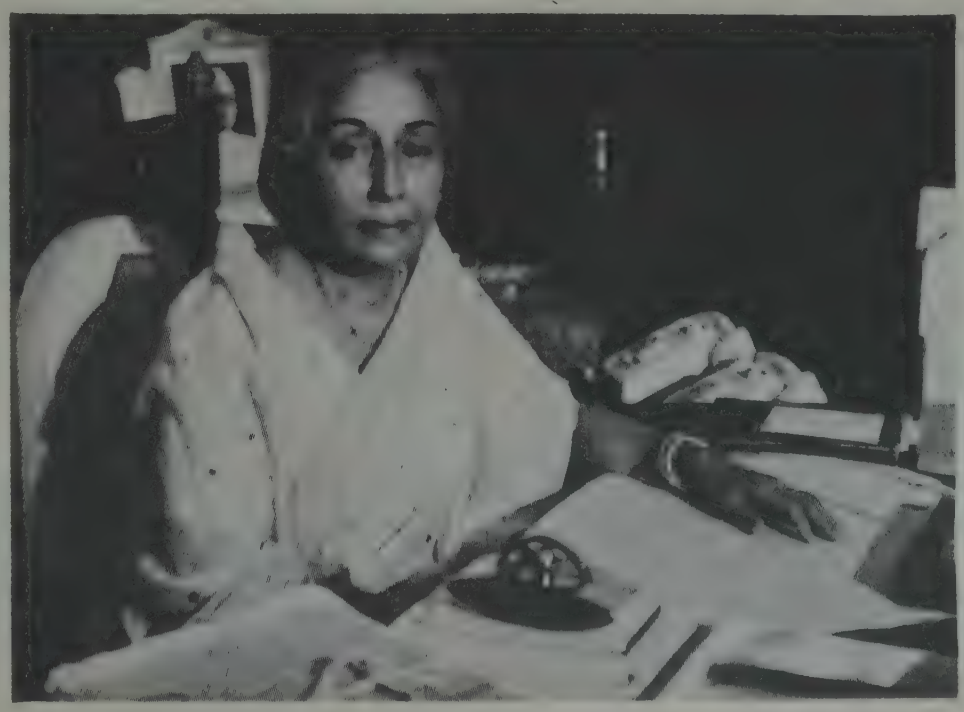
Sunita, a housewife with a B.A. in Sociology, felt now that her son had started going to school, that she had the time and inclination to pursue a new skill. She considered doing her Master's in Sociology but was afraid it might interfere with housework, as her husband frequently invited friends over for dinner. She was delighted to learn that a particular university offered an M.A. degree through correspondence courses and decided to settle for that.

In the West, it is estimated that approximately 15 years after finishing school many women express the motive to achieve at least at the fantasy level. Women who had a high need to achieve while in school, approximately 20 years after having left school will seek paid employment. **This raises the question of whether the economy is prepared to absorb in the labour force, women who are likely to be in their late thirties with virtually little or no vocational skills.**

There are women who are high on achievement at the thought level but have failed to translate their thoughts into action for societal reasons. A common way in which achievement gets expressed in these women is to obtain a college education, marry achieving men or push sons into achieving activities. This is vicarious satisfaction in which one finds fulfilment through others. This fulfilment is bought at a price and the price is unused capacities, which keeps one's self-esteem at precarious levels.

Many angry women reject the idea that achievement be solely defined in terms of academic and occupational success. They argue that even traditional feminine activities constitute a legitimate area of accomplishment. This would mean that both men and women wish to achieve, but the area of activities in which success is desired can be different. His area is that of work and sports, whereas for her it is the domestic sphere. Fixing an exotic dish, a creatively decorated living room, smart children — in other words, as one author writes, "The hostess with the mostest" indicates the kind of achievement women have.

Sharada Mukerji, now Governor of Gujarat. Guiding the affairs of men.



"Oh why can't my skin look flawless!"

Now it can.

New Charmis Vanishing Cream gives your complexion that flawless look. And it keeps make-up fresh for hours.

Complexion...flawless, fairer
New Charmis Vanishing Cream helps smoothe tiny skin blemishes. To give your complexion that flawless and fairer look even without using make-up.

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Make the most of your natural charm. Get New Charmis Vanishing Cream. And keep your complexion flawless and fairer day after day.

*Offer open until stocks last

Charmis Vanishing Cream cares for your complexion as much as you do.

CVC.G.1.78

DESIRE TO ACHIEVE FEAR OF SUCCESS

There are many reasons why linkage between traditional feminine activities and achievement has been absent. One very obvious reason, according to me, is that work in the subject of achievement motivation was until recently done by male psychologists, who probably thought women had no achievement to speak about. Besides, since housework has been labelled as sheer drudgery — a term that connotes routine, mechanical repetitive work — it has been difficult to speak of it in achievement terms. The question is not that housework is unimportant but it has no status attached to it.

To harp on this issue a little more, a university in the U.S.A. floated the idea that the best way to raise the status of the home science department on the campus was to attract male students by giving them scholarships. Unless this sorrowful state of affairs in which anything the woman does by definition becomes of low status is corrected, the linkage between women's work and achievement may be slow in coming or may never come.

One only need take a deeper look at the feminine psyche to discover inner barriers that halt her achievement. Matina Horner, a doctoral student in Psychology, did precisely this. She argued that in trying to excel at a task there is both a possibility of success as well as failure. Men are driven to avoid failure and to attain success. Women, unfortunately, are caught in a double bind. Like the male, she wishes to avoid failure because failure threatens her with feelings of inferiority and inadequacy. She also wishes to avoid success because it has negative consequences for her. These may take the form of feeling unfeminine, socially ostracized or remaining single.

Mona, a Master's level student in genetics, declared that although she has the potential to pursue doctoral research work, she would rather not do it because "too much brains drives away a man". Excellence, especially intellectual excellence, for a woman has a price, in this case the fear of remaining unmarried.

For a man there is no such price to be paid. In fact, success will service to heighten his feelings of masculinity. **While fear of failure is a potent source of anxiety for men, fear of failure as well as success causes anxiety in women.** This anxiety hinders her achievement behaviour. It has been suggested that women actually "quest for failure" in the working world of men as a way of convincing themselves that they are in fact doing a good job of being wives and mothers.

While a vast majority of women will define their identities in terms of the traditional female role, let us provide space for that minority of women who, by virtue of their unconventional upbringing, see achievement as part of their self-concept and display a career commitment equal to that of a male and consider social success as secondary or even irrelevant. Speaking of careers, there is research evidence to indicate that American and Indian women, with a high need to achieve, are found in atypical or male-dominated occupations such as engineering, physical sciences and architecture, while those with a low need prefer to specialize in traditional female occupations such as nursing and teaching.

If women's achievement potential is to be harnessed for the nation's good, changes must occur at both the individual level and the societal level. A serious self-reflection can help reframe a woman's priorities. She has done too much for the group as a woman and too little for herself as an individual. The time when a woman can solely define herself in terms of a wife and mother is rapidly coming to an end. One's sense of self-esteem cannot be built on the accomplishment of others, no matter how close they are to her. At the societal level, differential training of boys and girls must change. An economy that can absorb people at different stages of their life-cycle can be a boon to many women, helping the male develop a healthy ego that does not perceive a striving woman as threatening.

However, the single best way to help women — utilizing their achievement potential — is for men's role to change in a way that a happy balance is struck between their occupational commitment and their familial commitment.

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WOMEN ELSEWHERE

Believe it not, but 75 per cent of the Soviet doctors and school teachers are women. Every other technician and designer is a woman also. Thus the weaker sex has outrun the stronger sex in almost all fields, the only exception being railway engines where women are not allowed to drive them. Not being able to drive an engine is not termed inequality, but a privilege which protects the labour and health of women. Refusal to employ a pregnant or nursing woman is a criminal offence, while the maternity leave is up to four months irrespective of the length of service. The pregnant and nursing mothers are given lighter jobs without affecting their wages and cannot be made to do overtime or night shifts. With all the equality given to women, the Soviet Union has listed 460 trades and jobs on which women cannot be employed because of their arduous and hazardous conditions. . . All these regulations apply to women above the age of 18. For those below 18, the rules are stiffer, taking into account the biological and psychological peculiarities of that age. **(The Times of India)**

MEXICO CITY: For the first time, a woman has been named to referee the World Boxing Council banatamweight championship match between the holder Carlos Zarate of Mexico and Messah Kpalogo of Togo, at Los Angeles on March 10. The woman is Olga O'Conolly of the United States. **(Evening News)**

LONDON: Britain's women soldiers will be trained to shoot to kill and for the first time, will regularly carry arms, under plans now being finalized. The Defence Ministry said an announcement on arming the women in the army and air force would be expected to be made soon. Britain did not arm Service women even in the grimmest days of World War II. Some politicians, however, say they will oppose the present scheme, which has been fiercely debated among the military chiefs for two years. **(The Hindu)**

Gouri Salvi

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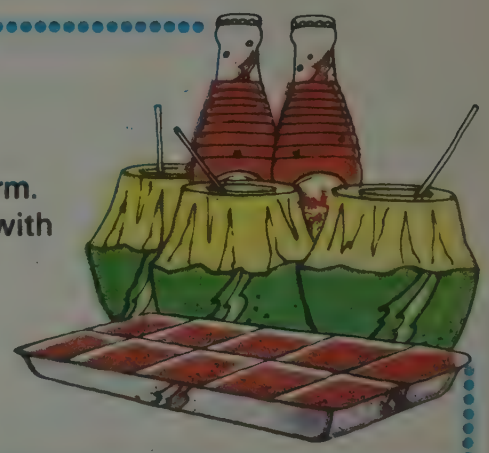

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STARRING STRIPES

FOR YOU TO CROCHET...
A STRIPED TOP
WITH TASSELS AT THE YOKE

MATERIALS:

Knitting Cotton: 4 balls Black, 1 ball each White and Orange 332, (50 grams each) Knitting needles no. 10 and no. 11 and 3 small buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length 54 cms., bust 81.5 cms., sleeve seams 13 cms.

TENSION:

7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 sts. measured over st. st. on no. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k=knit; p=purl; sts.=stitches; rep.=repeat; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; th. fwd.=thread forward; st.st.=stocking stitch.

FRONT:

With Black thread and no. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. and starting with a K. row work 13 rows in st.st.

14th row: With no. 11 needles K.

With no. 10 needles and starting with a K. row, work next 14 rows in st.st.

Next row: Knit one st. from left hand needle together with one st. from cast-on edge. Work the row to end (a hem is made).

Next row: Purl.

Work next 4 rows in st.st. and continue in st.st., dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row till 108 sts. remain, at the same time after having worked 8 rows after the hemline work a row of holes as follows:

Next Row: K. 2, * th. fwd., K. 2 tog., K. 2, rep. from * to end. Starting with a P. row, work 9 rows in st.st. Continue in st.st. and dec. as before, but join White thread and work next * 6 rows in White, 2 rows Orange and 4 rows Black. Rep. from * till 108 sts. remain (as stated before) then work straight till 4th row of 3rd White band. Then keeping continuity of striped pattern inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 8th row till there are 116 sts. Continue straight till 7th Orange stripe has been worked; fasten off Orange and White threads. Continue in Black thread till work measures 35 cms. from lower edge, end with a row on a wrong side.

Shape armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 98 sts. remain. Continue straight till work measures 3 cms. from start of armhole shaping, end with a P. row.

Next row: K. 2, * th. fwd., K. 2 tog., K. 2, rep. from * to end.

Next row: P.
Next row: K.
Next row: P.

Work a row of holes once more and then continue in st.st. for 5 rows more (ending with a P. row).

Join Orange thread and work next 2 rows in Orange. Fasten off Orange thread. Join White thread and work next 4 rows in White. Now work the fairisle pattern.

1st row. K. 2 White, 3 Black, * 4 White, 10 Black rep. from * to last 9 sts., K. 4 White, 3 Black, 2 White.

2nd row: P. 2 White, 3 Black, * 4 White, 10 Black rep, from * to last 9 sts. 4 White, 3 Black, 2 White.

3rd row: As 1st row.

4th row: P. 2 White, 3 Black, * 4 White, 3 Black rep. from * end with K. 2 White.

5th row: K. 2 White, 3 Black, * 4 White, 3 Black rep. from * end with K. 2 White.

6th row: As 4th row.

7th row: K. 2 White, * 10 Black, 4 White, rep. from * end with K. 10 Black, 2 White.

8th row: P. 2 White, * 10 Black, 4 White, rep. from * end with 10 Black, 2 White.

9th row: As 7th row. Fasten off Black thread.

Next row: P. in White.
Next row: K. in White.
Next Row: P. in White.
Fasten off White thread.

Join Orange thread and work next 2 rows in Orange thread. Fasten off Orange thread. Join Black thread.

Continued on page 17

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

FOLLOW THESE SUGGESTIONS

I am 16 and have a very embarrassing problem. My left breast is smaller than the right one. What should I do about it? Is this a serious problem?

U.M. (Srinagar)

This is not at all serious. Many have this peculiarity so there is no cause for worry. Besides, you are still young and your breasts have not fully developed.

Do this exercise regularly to keep your breasts firm. Stand erect with arms straight and crossed in front of you.

Slowly make large circles crossing arms overhead each time. Keep shoulders back and down. Do this 15 times, then gradually increase the count.

Also don't wear clothes that emphasize the bustline.

COARSE HAIR

I have short, coarse hair. Please suggest a suitable style for me and also some tips for this type of hair.

There is a query from my sister too. She has a rather short neck. Can you suggest what type of hairstyle, jewellery, etc., will suit her.

F. E. (Calcutta)

Since your hair is coarse any style will stay put as this type of hair has natural body. Perming is not necessary, but if you do want to have one, go in for a short one.

Avoid lacquer sprays and apply oil to your scalp three-four hours before you shampoo it.

Coarse hair does not require regular shaping or trimming — once in six months will do.

Regarding your sister's problem, she should have a fuss-free upswept style, which will make her neck seem longer. Deep V-neckline and wide cut away collars are best for her. She should avoid long earrings and short necklaces.

A PASSING FRAGRANCE

SPARKLING TEETH

I have a good set of teeth but they appear very dull. How can I make them sparkle? Any home remedy?

Also suggest an exercise to firm tummy and hips muscles.

D. S. (Madras)

You should brush your teeth well morning and at night before retiring. Brushing with a mixture of lemon juice and sodium bicarbonate will lend sparkle to the teeth. First dip your toothbrush in juice of lemon, then into sodium bicarbonate and brush well.

Once a week brush teeth with a mixture of coarse salt and olive oil.

Do this for a couple of months.

Stand with feet apart and hands on hips. Hold knees loose and revolve hips in large circles, throwing weight to each side, holding shoulders straight. To relax, bend upper part of your body loosely forward.

DOES PERFUME EVAPORATE FAST?

I have bought my first bottle of perfume. I have heard that it evaporates fast. Is this true? How long will the scent last once the seal is broken?

O. V. (Panaji)

You should try to use the perfume within two-three months after the seal is broken. If you keep it longer the quality will deteriorate. Remember to keep the bottle away from strong sunlight.

STARRING STRIPES

Continued from Page 15

Shape Neck. Right side of work facing, K. 37 sts., turn, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Continue in st. st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every following row till 31 sts. remain. Then dec. in every alt. row till 27 sts., remain. Continue straight till work measures 18 cms. from start of armhole shaping, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and following 2 alt. rows, fasten off.

Leave 24 sts. for centre of neck and work on remaining 37 sts. Complete right shoulder to match left shoulder reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as for Front till armholes. Shape armholes to match front armholes. Continue in st.st. with Black thread till work measures 41 cms. from base.

Divide for back opening: With Right side of work facing, K. 41 sts. (P. 1, K. 1) 4 times, turn, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next row: (K. 1., P. 1) 4 times, P. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows (with a moss st. border of 8 sts.) till work measures 3 cms. from beg. of the moss st. border.

Work a buttonhole in next row by working th. fwd., K. 2 tog.

Continue straight for a further 3 cms. and work a second buttonhole, then continue straight till work is 4 rows less to shoulder of Front, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Neck:- K. 29, K. 2 tog., turn, (leave remaining sts. on a spare needle) Dec. 1. st. at neck edge in next 3 rows, (ending at armhole edge). Shape shoulder: As for Front Shoulder.

Left side: With Black thread cast on 8 sts. at the base on the inside of a moss stitch border and work across the remaining sts. and complete to match right side, reversing shapings and avoid working of buttonholes.

SLEEVES

With Black thread and no. 10 needles cast on 70 sts. and starting with a K. row, work 9 rows in st. st.

Next row: With no. 11 needle, knit.

With no. 10 needles and starting with a K. row, work 10 rows in st. st.

Next row: K. 1 st. from left hand needle together with 1 st. from cast on edge rep. till end of row.

Next row: Purl.

Continue in st. st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row till there are 88 sts., continue till work measures 15 cms.

Shape top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 48 sts. remain. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Neck Edging: Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and with Black thread and no. 11 needles, K. across sts. on needle at left back neck, pick up and K. 8 sts. till shoulder, pick up and K. 18 sts. from left side of front neck, K. across 24 sts. left on the spare needle for centre of neck, pick up and K. 18 sts. till right shoulder, 8 sts. on right side of back neck and K. across sts. on needle.

Work 3 rows in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

Join side and sleeve seams and set sleeves to armholes.

Work tassles of Orange thread along the row of holes on front. For each tassel cut lengths of Orange thread each measuring 12 cms. Hold together and fold. Pass the cut ends through 2nd row of holes and out through the top row of holes and pass into a loop formed. Pull to form a knot. Make a twisted cord with Orange thread to go round hip plus 30 cms. extra, and pass through a row of holes at waist. Attach a tassel at each end of the cord.

Sew buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

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SUDHA MOKASHI

FISHING FOR Ph.D. IN THE SEAS

Sudha Mokashi, Lecturer in Economics at the Arts College, SNDT Women's University, Bombay, has had some rare and thrilling experiences of travelling in country-boats over the rough sea for two or three days at a stretch.

Though a teacher by profession, Sudha had this unusual experience of going on the high seas in fishing boats while doing her doctoral studies on the "Impact of mechanization on the fishing industry in Maharashtra State".

Sudha did her M.A. in Economics from SNDT Women's University in 1969 and has since been teaching at the Arts College.

In 1972, she registered for her doctoral studies. When asked why she chose the fishing industry as her topic, Sudha said, "I always wanted to do research in a new field. I found that not many studies were conducted in this field. My guide was Dr. Saxena, Marketing Adviser to the Government of India.

"The objective of my study was to make an assessment of the cost structure of different types of fisheries. They use bag nets, gill nets and trawl nets to catch fish in the high seas. In each case I studied details of each type of catch. I also studied the income pattern, problems that confront the fishermen, etc. In fact, to gain first-hand knowledge of their problems and to understand the different types of

catches, I decided to go on the fishing boats on the high sea."

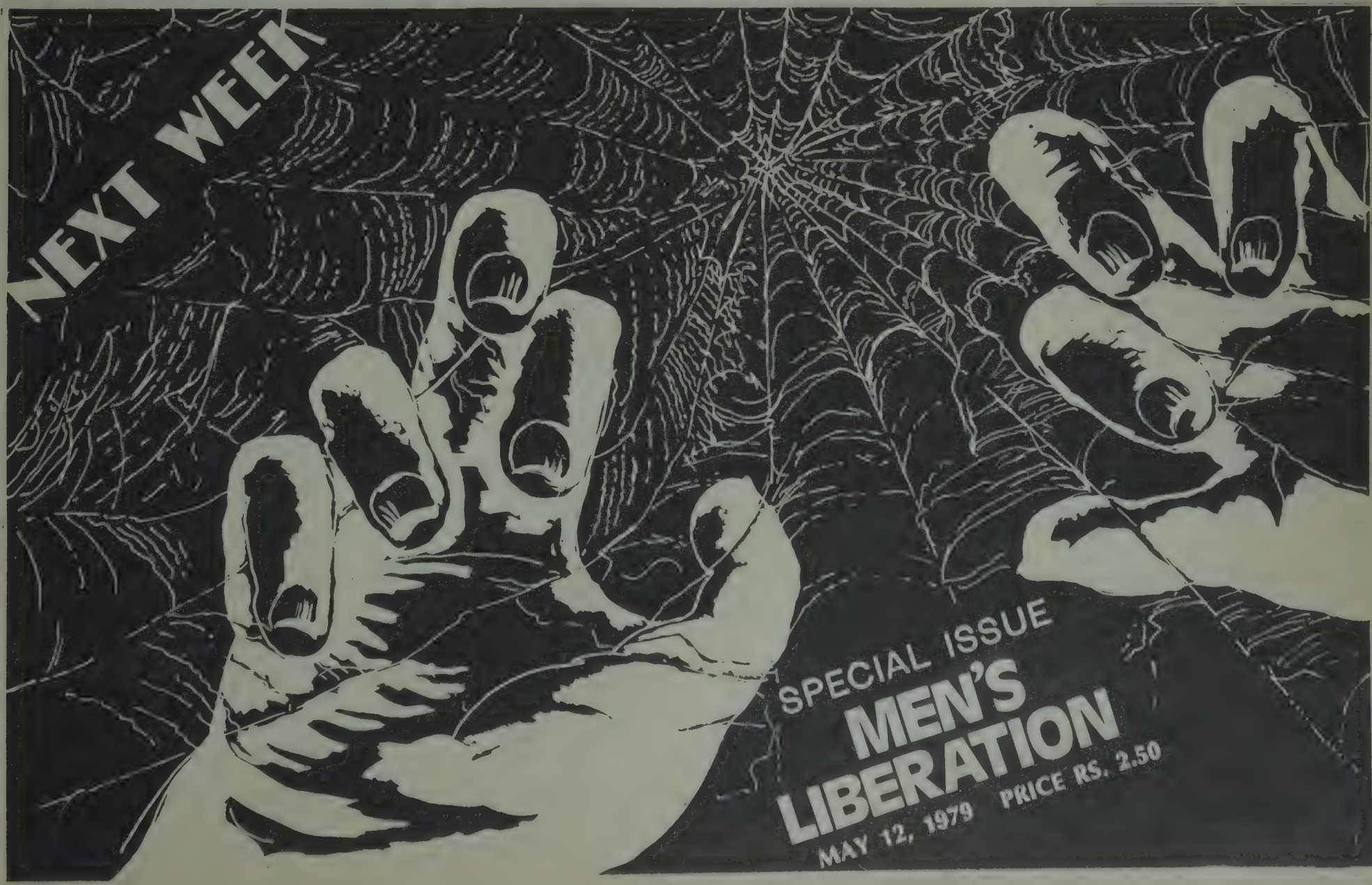
In the course of her work, she has visited Venegurla, Ratnagiri and Satpati by boat and has collected valuable material for her thesis.

Sudha says there is good division of labour between fishermen and women. Men catch the fish and women do the marketing. Educated youth belonging to the fishing community are not keen to take up fishing as a profession. The reason for this is that boys who go for formal schooling have no chance to go on the sea with their fathers, and thus they do not get accustomed to the hard sea life. Besides, there is the lure of blue-collar jobs. Also, they prefer shore management of sorting the catch etc. to actual fishing.

Sudha has written several articles on the various problems of the fisherfolk, such as "Pattern of Fishery", "Working of Co-operative Banks", etc.

Sudha plans to develop literacy classes and balwadis for women and children in the fisherfolk colonies at Colaba and Cuffe Parade. She has received a lot of support from the community for this programme.

Kamala Kumar



MARRIAGE— LOVE OR ARRANGED

Meenakshi Rao

"Marriage is an essential institution," says Mr. K— "Nations are built around the family as a unit. In any normal, happy family you can find the seeds of democracy. Thus, if marriage is ignored social chaos will result."

Mr. **Sabir** puts it another way: "Marriage has come into existence because it is a social necessity. It provides emotional feelings between family members, protects their property rights and gives a routine to their lives. So long as marriage continues it signifies that it has utility."

Whether or not they are able to articulate their opinions as competently as Mr. K—and Mr. Sabir, most people firmly believe that marriage is fundamentally important to both individuals and society. Yet everyone has a slightly different interpretation of the uses and purposes of marriage, especially since in our country we are faced with two distinct types of marriage — the traditional arranged system and the largely imported 'love' variety. In fact, some people go so far as to assert that love marriages are going to supplant the older tradition as young people today are allowed more freedom to mix with members of the opposite sex before marriage.

To what extent is this statement true? Is there really a wide gap between what today's parents expected and got from marriage and what their children hope to achieve? What have today's parents brought up their children to expect? These are some of the questions I tried to answer in my interviews with eight urban families. Their responses were both surprising and reassuring.

For instance, I found that most parents do not necessarily advocate the type of marriage they themselves had. Such is the case with the **Bhides.** Dr. Bhide is an anaesthetist and his wife has been teaching deaf children for the last ten years. They have two sons — aged 22 and 17 — and had a traditional arranged marriage. When they first met each other on their wedding day 25 years ago, Mrs. Bhide was only 19. She remembers that adjusting to marriage was quite difficult for her as she had always lived in a large bungalow and now had to move into her in-laws' comparatively crowded flat in Bombay.

"In India," she told me, "one must not forget that an arranged marriage usually means adjusting to your husband's family. Compromise is very important in this situation."

Do the Bhides prefer one type of marriage to another? "In an arranged marriage the whole approach is adjustment," they say. "But what is love? It is not only getting to know one another but also means adjustment, compromise and understanding. If these factors are present in any marriage — whether arranged or not — there is a chance of success."

The **Fernandeses** have been married for 20 years and had a love marriage. However, since Mr. Fernandes is a Catholic and his wife is a Gujarati, they had considerable difficulty during their courtship as their families did not approve of marriage outside the community. Perhaps because of this early trouble the Fernandeses tend to think that, theoretically at least, arranged marriages are more likely to succeed. Thinking back, Mr. Fernandes says of his parents' arranged marriage, "They met their difficulties with less bother than we do. Sacrifices were more easily made by them." His wife adds: "These days infatuation and love are confused." Both agree that only those love marriages which are based on a mature decision will succeed.

Another intercaste marriage is that of the **Khans,** who are both teachers. Mr. Khan, a Muslim and Mrs. Khan, a Parsi, had a love marriage and now have two sons and a daughter. Mr. Khan feels that arranged marriages tend to be more successful. For example, even if both partners are working, there will be less strain in an arranged marriage as both husband and wife fully understand their duty and never take each other for granted. In a love marriage this situation usualy results in the expectations of both partners being frustrated.

Some of the couples I met disagreed among themselves. While the wife advocated one type of marriage, the husband preferred another. This was the case with the **Desais.** Mr. Desai, a Maharashtrian, retired from the Services some years ago. He and his wife have a married daughter. Since she herself did not know her husband at all before her wedding, Mrs.

Desai prefers arranged marriages. In love marriages, she maintains, the charm of marriage is gone because the partners know each other too well. Her husband, on the other hand, believes that the success of a marriage depends on the circumstances. If a love marriage is based on mature thinking and foresight, then it too can be successful.

A similar difference of opinion is present in the K—— family. The K——s are Parsis and have lived in Bombay all their lives. They had a love marriage and have two grown-up children — a 26-year-old-son and a 22-year-old daughter. Mr. K——, now a manager in a chemical company, firmly believes that arranged marriages have a greater chance of success. "What constitutes the attraction of love?" he asks. "An instinctive feeling of being at home. It leads to expectations due to association of the loved one with the past — parents and friends. If these expectations are not fulfilled, anger and frustration can result. Now arranged marriages are acknowledged as a gamble so there are fewer expectations. There is a predisposition to adaptation. And while it is possible to adapt oneself completely, it is unlikely that all one's expectations can be fulfilled." Mrs. K—— disagrees with her husband. She feels that love marriages definitely have more potential. From personal experience she thinks that greater understanding and co-operation are possible in love marriages.

As far as their children are concerned, most parents tend to be fairly liberal. They are aware that times are changing, that today's young people are more free to mix with members of the opposite sex before marriage, and that morality is being redefined. Therefore, when faced with the prospect of their childrens' marriages, even those of them that firmly believe in arranged marriages are willing to separate theory from practice and allow their children the freedom of choice. Co-operation and understanding between parents and children seem to be valued highly, and the personal happiness of their offspring is generally put before theoretical, cultural, economic and social considerations. A few of the more conservative parents admit, somewhat ruefully, that if their grown-up children prefer to go against their parents' wishes in the matter of matrimony, there is very little the parents can do.

For instance, Mr. Khan feels that youngsters today ask for too much freedom, especially the girls. He would like his children to have arranged marriages. Yet he maintains that "they are so educated that they try to teach us now", and is therefore resigned to the fact that they will probably do as they please. This seems quite realistic, for when I talked with his 21-year-old daughter and teenage son, they both showed a definite preference for love marriages.

MARRIAGES MAY BE MADE IN HEAVEN, BUT THEY ARE CONTRACTED ON EARTH. FOR MARITAL BLISS ON EARTH THEN, HOW SHOULD THE CONTRACTING PARTIES COME TOGETHER?

The Bhides have a special style of child-rearing. They believe that parents have an important responsibility in guiding their growing children. The emphasis is on consultation and discussion of all matters between parent and child and the development of a good relationship between them. "Nothing is forced on my children. There is always family consideration on the subject after which each child has to make his own final decision." Consequently, the Bhides would not mind their sons choosing their own life partners. They feel that the greater freedom young people enjoy today is healthy. Mixing freely with the opposite sex is quite acceptable but within limits of course, and with the parents' consent and guidance. Both Bhide boys seem to appreciate this liberal attitude and yet are also happy to benefit from their parents' greater experience and maturity.

Mr. Pardesi is a Hindu from U.P. and works as a millhand in Bombay. His wife stays home to take care of their two children aged three and one. Mr. Pardesi thinks that arranged marriages are far better than love marriages as they tend to go more smoothly and adjustment is easier. He hopes that his children will also have arranged marriages but if they fall in love, he admits, he will not be able to stop them from making their own decision.

The Fernandeses are similarly concerned about the future of their 19-year-old daughter and 17-year-old son. Mr. Fernandes says, "If they allow us, we would like to arrange their marriages. But once they grow to a certain age, you can do nothing to change their minds." The Fernandeses wouldn't like their children to start dating regularly or going steady until they were sure the commitment was a serious one and the young couple capable of supporting themselves financially. As for pre-marital sex, it is totally taboo especially for the girl who has her reputation to consider. They feel that once all social and moral restrictions are removed from sex, promiscuity will result. Their daughter would definitely prefer a love marriage but would like to finish her education before considering commitments of any sort.

Perhaps the most conservative family I interviewed was the **Kadars** who are originaly from Madurai but now live with their three young children in the north where Mr. Kadar is a company chauffeur. Coming from a traditional Muslim background, the Kadars had an arranged marriage and find this type of arrangement most suitable personally and in general. They want their children to have arranged marriages as well, and would be very upset if they fell in love and wanted to marry outside their community. Neither of the Kadars approve of young people mixing freely with the opposite sex before marriage. Yet they are not willing to deal with the problem until it enters their lives personally. After all, their oldest child is still only four!

The Sabirs are also Muslims but are considerably less orthodox. Mrs. Sabir, a part-time social worker, voiced an interesting ambition — she would like her daughter as well as her son to be economically independent before and even after marriage. Her two children are free to choose their own partners but she would like to be able to guide them.

The Sabirs think that changing morality among the youth is part of life and goes along with education. "Parents have to grow up along with their children," says Mrs. Sabir. Yet both she and her husband believe that parental guidance is desirable and it is their aim to make their children understand all the alternatives and then to leave the final decision up to them.

WOMEN DOCTORS

MARRIAGE vs. CAREER

Jyoti Lajmi

Doctors occupy an important and indispensable position in any society. At one time, not very long ago, this challenging profession was entirely monopolized by men. Today, however, women too have stepped into this competitive field. In fact, the number of women doctors practising in India today is said to be the largest in any country in the world, including the USA. Swift progress in medicine, coupled with a steadily growing population, have created an ever-increasing demand for doctors, and prospects for women doctors in particular appear to be extremely good at present.

But how do women doctors take to medical practice as a profession? How do marriage and children affect their careers?

Women doctors appear to be concentrated in certain branches of medicine, two examples being gynaecology and paediatrics, dealing with women and children, respectively. It is a rare occurrence to find a woman doctor in one of the high-prestige 'super specialities' such as neurology, neurosurgery, cardiology, plastic surgery, etc. Specializing in any of these fields takes five years of hard work after internship or two years after MD. By the time a student completes her specialization in one of these fields, she is about 28 years old. Generally, every girl student opts for either general practice or, less often, for MD., but rarely does one find a girl student taking up one of the super specialities after MBBS. The primary reason for this choice appears to be a reluctance to wait until she is 28 years old to start a career, however remunerative or prestigious such a career is likely to be.

SHAILA PAI

"My husband wants me to opt for some non-clinical branch like pathology." ..

Dr. Shaila Pai is young, married and doing her last six months of internship, which brings her to the crossroads of her medical career. Does she specialize or go in for general practice?

"I am in a dilemma," she confesses. "My husband is pressurizing me into opting for some non-clinical branch like pathology, pharmacology or some light branch such as ophthalmology. I am keen on neurosurgery. My whole future depends on my decision now and there should be no regrets later on."

Her husband, **Manoj Pai,** also a doctor, specializing in psychiatry, argues: "My advice to her not to take up neurosurgery is not based on the fear that she may not prove competent in this field. Our home and children should not be neglected for the sake of the profession or vice versa. There are many facets of married life in which a woman is irreplacable and she will not be able to devote adequate time to our family if she takes up a strenuous branch like neurosurgery."

The male opinion is usually that a professional woman can never do full justice to both her home and her medical career. Being a specialist doctor, especially in one of the prestige fields, can involve prolonged hours of stay in the operation theatre, with no fixed hours of work, and emergency calls at any time of the day or night. In some hospitals, there is also the threat of transfers with poor financial prospects. Many women doctors prefer a hospital assignment to private practice because the hospital job generally leaves the evenings free to devote to one's family, while private practice demands full-time attention from the doctor, particularly in the evenings when the number of patients is substantially higher.

In some cases the choice of a particular branch of medicine is also determined by the nature of work and patients involved. For instance, women rarely opt for dermatology because most of the patients are males with venereal disease who very definitely prefer to be examined by a male doctor. On the other hand, women from the lower economic strata and certain religious backgrounds prefer lady doctors to male ones because they cannot discuss their problems freely with the latter. Women branch out more often into fields such as paediatrics or gynaecology of their own volition because they are viewed as more considerate and approachable by patients in these fields since they themselves may have faced similar problems at some time or the other in their lives.

Many men can also be very understanding and warm. In fact, many educated women these days prefer an 'experienced' male hand to a female doctor.

ASHA MISHRA

"Children means one may have to forgo at least five years of practice."

Domestic chores form a major hurdle in the medical career of many a woman. "If one wishes to become a doctor, particularly a specialist, one has to be willing to accept inevitable hurdles," says **Dr. Asha Mishra** doing her house post in neurosurgery. "Some have to forgo at least five years of practice so as to be able to spent time with their children in their first formative years." Very few women would deny their children the love and attention they need at such a juncture. However, interrupting her career, even for a few years, may have adverse results for a woman's career as a doctor. More often than not, she may have to start from the beginning, which may even mean taking up a job with low remuneration, forgoing many years of seniority and promotion. The knowledge that her colleagues have progressed much ahead of her, may give an added feeling of isolation and regret. She loses confidence in her work due to lack of touch.

SHEILA RAO

It is better to interrupt the career before the specialization than after.

"I had a break of five years before I started again," says **Dr. Sheila Rao,** a senior cardiologist at a reputed hospital in Bombay. "I feel that home life is as important as one's profession and under no cirumstances should either be neglected. Losing a few years of practice is inevitable, but those few years are equally satisfying and gives one a sense of contentment. No doubt, I had to start at the very beginning, but I feel that my efforts on both fronts were amply rewarded."

The general feeling is that if an interruption in a specialist's career is needed to look after her family, it is better to interrupt the career before the specialization rather than after, in order to enable the doctor to maintain continuity, which is so essential, if she desires to be successful. There is this instance of an Arab woman, who on completion of her MBBS returned to Dubai to get married. In the course of five years she had had two children after which, she returned to India again to specialize in neurology.

RITA RAMCHANDANI

"I feel I could sacrifice willingly anything for my child."

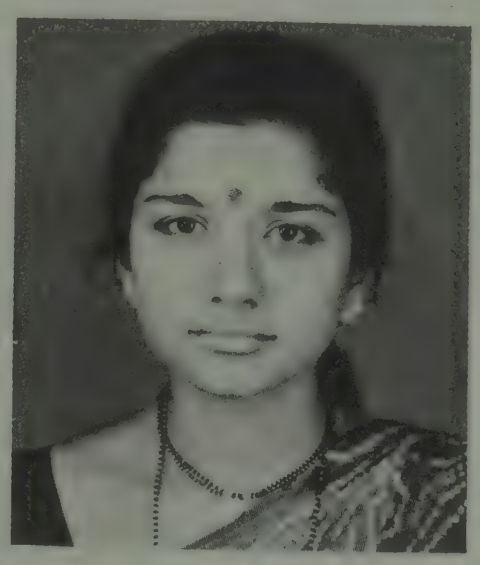
"I will definitely give up my career for my children," declares **Dr. Rita Ramchandani,** a young unmarried paediatrician. "I feel I could willingly sacrifice anything for my child, possibly because I see so many children suffering every day, with no one to care for them. Sometimes no one visits them in hospital for days!"

The question that will invariably arise in most minds is why should the woman of the house be the only one to make all the sacrifices regarding the home and children. Child psychology states that the relationship between mother and child begins with breast-feeding. The child's needs are usually taken care of by the mother. He is fed by her when hungry, put to sleep by her when sleepy and gets all her attention with the smallest of wails. Naturally, the mother figure is very important in a child's formative years and lack of a mother's love can have irreparable repercussions on the child in the future.

VRINDA TRIKANNAD

"Girls who take up medicine have to put up with a lot of sarcastic advice."

"Women get a lot of encouragement in the medical field abroad, says Drs. **Vrinda Trikannad** ('Drs' stands for a 'Doctoral' degree from the University of



Leiden, Holland) who is an immunologist in the department of pathology of a hospital in Bombay. "They are encouraged both at the student level and while practising. One of the reasons for such preferential treatment may be the fact that very few women opt for the medical line abroad." Here in India, however, girls who take up medicine have to put up with a lot of sarcastic advice both from their professors and lecturers and parents at home to the tune of 'Why don't you stay home and keep house for some lucky guy?' Even after marriage, they are under constant pressure to devote more time to the family at the cost of their career."

LOPA MEHTA

Remained unmarried to devote entire time and effort to her career.

Dr. **Lopa Mehta,** Associate Professor of Anatomy in a Bombay medical college, has remained unmarried in order to be able to devote her entire time and effort to her career. She also does a lot of social work as a doctor, besides being a co-author of two books on cancer. Dr. Mehta emphasised that an unmarried woman in the field of medicine if more dedicated to her work and career than one who is married and has children. "It is not necessary to practice medicine to be of service to humanity," she insists. "I decided that lecturing was my line of interest, and teaching and writing too are forms of service since they explain a great deal of medical philosophy and theory without which medical practice could never progress."

Many married women opt for teaching these days in medical subjects. This appears to be mainly due to the fact that they can maintain fixed hours of work. Faculty in medical colleges also enjoys all the benefits enjoyed by any other college teachers, such as public holidays, vacations, and with the latest revision of pay-scales, also good financial prospects. In addition, there is no threat of being called away at odd hours on emergency cases.

The other alternative women appear to be going in for these days on a significant scale is a private clinic at their residences. This combination saves a considerable amount of time on commuting, in addition to enabling the woman doctor to devote more time to her family and children. On the other hand, a dispensary at home may often place the doctor in a dilemma as to whether she should devote more time to her practice or to her family and household chores. both of which are equally important to her and requiring her undivided attention. A clinic at home can also prove dangerous at times. There is the instance of a widowed lady doctor who lives in suburban Bombay with an invalid father and a brother who is away on ship most of the time. One night, a man demanded her immediate attention, claiming severe stomach ache. Afraid to refuse the case in the event of it turning out to be appendicitis or something more serious, she admitted him to her dispensary, only to be followed by two other ruffians who robbed her of all her valuables at knife-point. This of course is a rare case but happens all the same.

NALINI SHANBAG

Has her own dispensary and "can fix consulting hours according to the needs of my family."

"My son always complained that I stayed away too much and he felt neglected," says Dr. **Nalini Shanbag,** a general practitioner with her private dispensary. "I find that opening my own dispensary is beneficial, since I am now able to fix my consulting hours according to the needs of my family. I can now spend at least the evenings with my son."

PADMINI PAI-DHUNGAT

"My children ask me why I am not a teacher or something which will give me more time to spend with them."

Many children would probably prefer their mothers to be anything but doctors. Dr. **Padmini Pai-Dhungat,** an anaesthetist and practising obstetrician, says: "My children keep asking me why I am not a teacher or something which will have me spending more time with them. They get upset when I cannot make it for a long-planned weekend picnic or movie show because I am called away on an emergency."

A woman wants both, her family life — to provide companionship and to satiate the mother in her; and her career — to give her a sense of independence and to satisfy her ambitions of being someone in society. To do well in any field she has to make a choice of being either a good housewife or a good career-woman. There are plenty of women who boast of being able to cope with both quite efficiently, but this does not appear to be true in the majority of cases. Being efficient in one invariably means pushing the other field to the backgrounds. However, so long as it is clearly recognized that medical practice involves compromises with family life like any other profession, there is no reason why a married woman should not continue being a doctor.

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A girl's most important cosmetic

Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Lemon for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein

Glitter 'N' Gold

Kundan and Minakari jewellery are matchless in their beauty and designs. No bridal attire is complete without these beautiful pieces glittering in gold, studded with colourful stones, for a traditional look.

LEFT: An intricate pattern choker reaches high up giving poise to the neck and head, while a broad armlet accentuates the forearm.

CENTRE: Bangles and rings in gold, enamelled in brilliant reds, blues and emerald greens, emphasize the roundness of the wrist and fingers.

RIGHT: A studded pendant suspended on a long gold chain serves as a focal point, while the girdle adorns a slim waist.

Courtesy : Danabhai Jewellers, Bombay

Photographs : Farokh, Reporter

THE STORY SO FAR . . .

Young Lauren Fletcher flies to West Asia to take up appointment as secretary to the Director of Akhmar Oil Company. Her co-passenger, Molly Kennedy, is enroute to join her husband Alan, a veteran employee in the same firm. At the destination Lauren is met by Peter Corbett, a company representative, but is upset by a confrontation with a surly stranger whom she takes for some roughneck. In her living quarters, she meets Kath Stevens, her room-mate. On the official side she gets a shock when Edgar Stewart, the Director, introduces her to his drilling superintendent, Blake Elliot. He is the "roughneck" she had encountered earlier. To complicate matters there is some mysterious antagonism between Peter and Blake.

For Lauren, office life brings constant skirmishes with Blake, who possesses a disturbing physical attraction she does not show. The monthly dance at the Dolphin Club introduces Adele Harding, a local nurse, who is Blake's constant companion. At Molly's house one evening, Lauren meets Blake. She also learns about the rig fire accident that affected Blake's personality.

One night, Peter and Lauren in an intimate mood at Dolphin Club, are sermonized by Blake on Arabic norms of decency in public behaviour. Later in office, Blake tries to warn Lauren about involvement with Peter, but she is rebellious. At Guy Fawkes Night in Akhmar, Lauren heroically saves Molly's daughter Sharon from destruction by the bonfire and earns Blake's admiration. Back in office, none-the worse for her stint in hospital, she is escorted by Blake to an official party, where she meets Ben Abdul Hassan, a wealthy Arab Sheikh who is smitten by her charms.

A quiet dinner for two at Blake's house later, raises her hopes of making headway with him, but she discovers on Blake's desk the photograph of a lovely girl with the inscription: "To Blake with love, Tracey." When he tries to kiss her later, she stiffly resists, though she has fallen desperately in love with him. Christmas brings tenderness and she comes closer to Blake at a reunion in the Kennedy household, but a misunderstanding brews when she receives an expensive emerald bracelet as a gift from Sheikh Hassan. In the fierce argument between Lauren and Blake later, she hands him the bracelet to return to the Sheikh. To get Lauren out of an awkward situation, Blake is forced to tell Hassan that he (Blake) intends to marry Lauren himself.

At the New Year Eve dance Lauren learns from Peter that Adele and Blake are secretly engaged. One day, in early June, she agrees to go on a trip to Jamil Oasis with Peter. On the way back they get sand-bogged in the heat with no food or water. Death seems certain.

NOW READ ON. . . .

FURTHER and further, Lauren was drawn into that mystical mood of the desert where fact and fancy met halfway. She became enmeshed in a web of dreams and thought herself to be hammering on some great door with all her might. Desperately she prayed that the door would open and she would be taken out of the nightmare.

The noise altered and eventually penetrated to her inner senses making her open her eyes. Blake was rapping on the wind screen. With a great effort, she opened the car door. "Oh Blake," she gasped. "Thank God you've found us!" Tears sprang to her eyes and she clung to him for dear life.

"How did you know where we were?" Gently his hands stroked her hair. Radio has more uses than dancing to," he told her.

Peter was unconscious. Lauren was perturbed as she watched Blake struggle to revive him, using every available drop of water they possessed. Peter couldn't die. He couldn't. Panic rose to her throat. They worked as a team, soaking handkerchiefs in water and moisting his head and the inside of his mouth. Finally they made it. "We've won," said Blake with relief. "He's sweating again so it's just a matter of getting him — and my desert rose — back to base."

She glanced at Blake's firm hands on the wheel, his wrists lean and strong. How assured he seemed. Driving through the desert seemed to last a life-time and a sudden sandstorm slowed them down. Finally, they made it and there was freshness like balm on their sand soaked skins. Peter was now awake, but he lay without movement.

Back in town, they deposited Peter in hospital and drove to Lauren's bungalow. As she got out, Lauren gripped Blake's arm tight. She knew the moment had come to ask him.

"Blake," she said hesitantly, "I've heard a rumour that Adele is getting married." Her voice trailed away. She could not continue.

"Yes, Lauren. Adele is getting married — in Beirut."

Lauren gave a sharp intake of breath. "But she's not marrying me," he finished. Very gently he bent his head and kissed her.

PART SIX

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sand through my fingers

Lee Naughton

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS was originally published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, c Lee Naughton 1978 (Australian Copyright).

"Now woman — go indoors and rest."

* * *

Forty-eight hours later Peter was discharged from hospital. He telephoned Lauren and apologised for being such a fool.

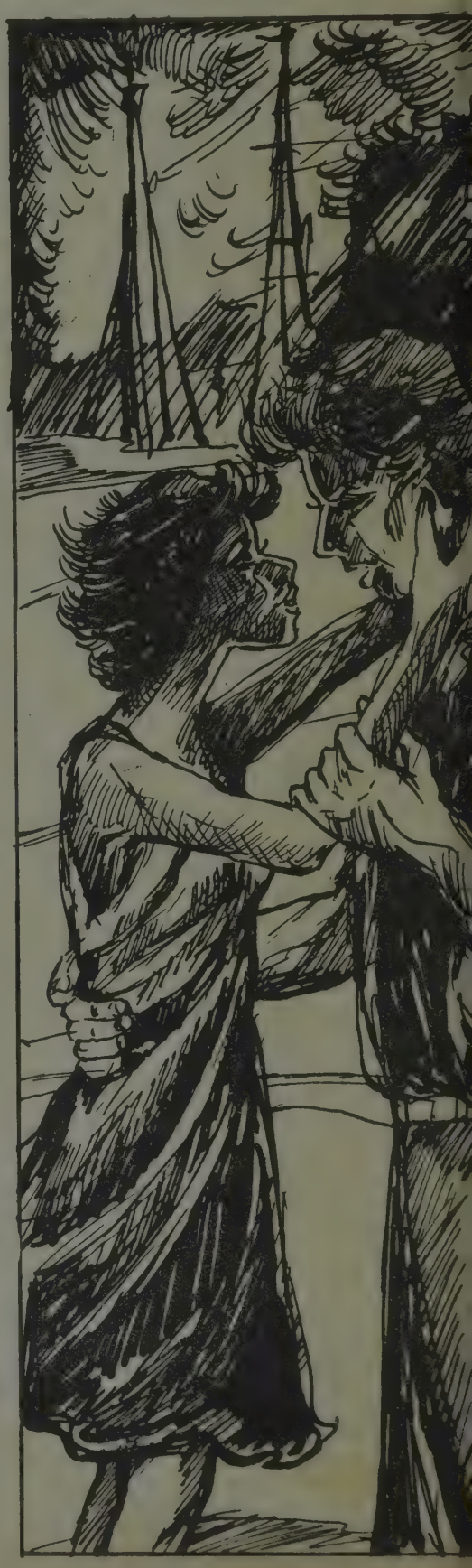
He said he was feeling much better and added with a trace of belligerence in his voice that he intended to visit the main office to see Blake. Lauren sensed the showdown was on the way.

Mr. Stewart, the director, was accompanying the general manager who had arranged to visit the local dignitaries. Blake was dealing with schedules when Peter arrived. Lauren had never seen Peter in such a mood before. Although he was pale beneath his tan, he held his shoulders erect and she sensed he did not intend to be deterred.

As she opened the door for him to enter the director's office; the atmosphere was chilly. Watching Blake and Peter face each other, Lauren knew the moment of truth had come. Blake's voice was clipped, "After all, you were told about climatic conditions — you still went on in your reckless fashion, not only endangering your own life but putting Miss Fletcher's at risk. You're a menace, Corbett. You always have been and always will be."

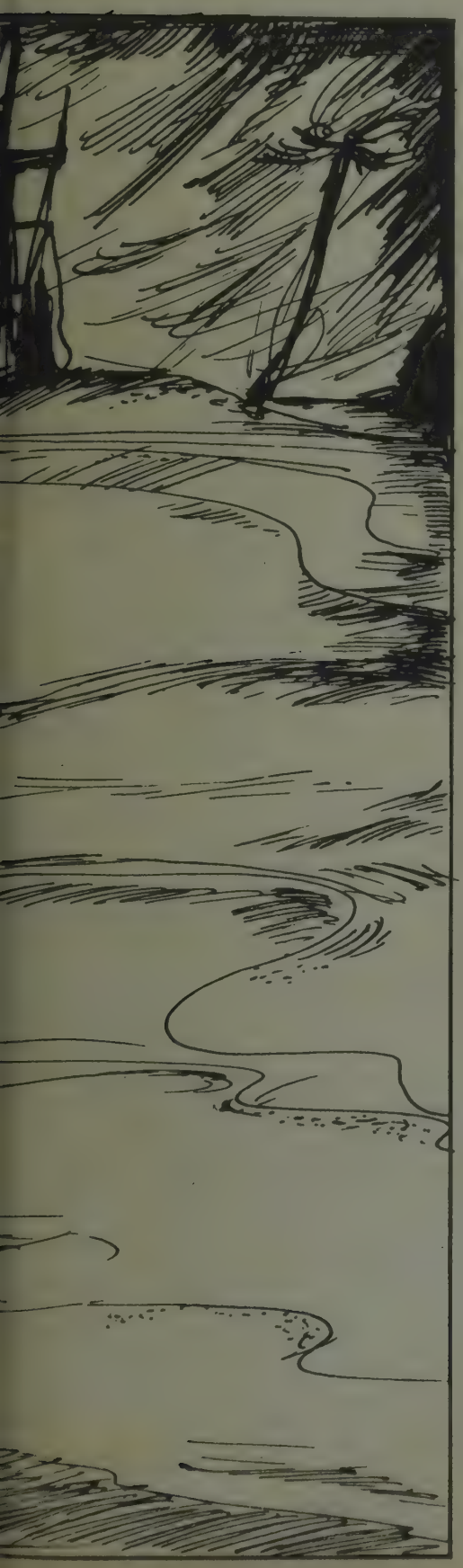
"Elliot," Peter said jerkily. "First let me thank you for saving my life, and secondly, let me tell you to go to hell!" He clenched his fists. "God, how I've rued the day you crossed my path!"

"When I think of you endangering Miss Fletcher's life — and when I think of what you did to Tracey, I could slaughter you,



Corbett," said Blake with a curse.

Who was Tracey? Lauren wondered. Then she gradually got the picture from the irate antagonists' verbal lashes. Blake's father had married a second time and settled in Guildford with his wife Monica and her grown-up daughter Tracey. Peter had professed to love Tracey desperately but he had jilted her and plummeted her into a nervous breakdown. Blake had never forgiven Peter his callousness. That was why their old enmity simmered every time the two men met. Tracey was Blake's sister by marriage, and he felt responsible for her life and welfare.



LAUREN THOUGHT OF HERSELF AND BLAKE. HE WOULD NEVER ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE ENSNARED. LOVE WAS SOMETHING HE HAD BANISHED FROM HIS WORLD

Tracey — the photograph on Blake's desk, Peter's words in the desert were now explained. Lauren's heart was racing. Peter said repentently, "Stranded in the desert and thinking I was going to die, I knew I loved Tracey and had let a gem slip through my fingers." His face became set. "Now laugh your fill and do your damnest," he told Blake. "My contract finishes next month. Then, I'm returning to England to ask Tracey to marry me. I only hope I'm not too late."

"At least the desert seems to have made a man of you, Corbett," Blake said patronisingly, "but by all that's holy, if you ever cause Tracey further unhappiness, you'll wish you'd never been born."

Blake looked up and a startled expression appeared in his eyes as he saw Lauren standing at the door. But she had heard all there was to hear. He looked at Peter and there was a wealth of meaning in his expression.

"I hope you haven't been hurt too much, Lauren."

"It's all right Blake," Lauren answered. "I'm not in love with Peter."

* * *

A week passed and Lauren neither saw nor heard from Blake. Then one morning he arrived in the office and laid a sheaf of papers on her desk. "That lot will keep you out of mischief while I'm in Beirut."

"Beirut?" she queried.

"Yes," Blake smiled and Lauren was dismayed to see the old mockery in his eyes.

"How long will you be away?"

"About a week."

"When are you leaving?"

"On this afternoon's plane."

Lauren felt like shaking him. His laconic replies infuriated her, yet she had to admit there was no reason why he should inform her of his plans.

While Blake was away in Beirut, Peter telephoned to say he had heard from Tracey and was leaving Akhmar.

* * *

Blake returned from Beirut in time to attend Kath's farewell party. It was a small intimate affair. Kath was popular and everyone was happy about her marriage to Ted Massey. At the party, Lauren heard Adele was getting married in Beirut. The lucky man was John Frost, the doctor who had attended on Blake after the rig fire. They were going to settle in America.

Lauren thought of herself and Blake Eliot. He would never allow himself to be ensnared. Love was something he had banished. His world contained only one thing that made demands on him — oil.

How could she hope to compete with that?

* * *

With the coming of summer, social life lessened considerably. Since Kath's farewell party, Lauren had seen little of Blake. All she knew was that he was busy supervising the completion of the rogue well at Number Five. On the odd occasions she met him during their office work, there was a brooding quality about him that made her wonder if he loved Adele after all and only now was discovering his true feelings.

One day, he thrust a cablegram into her hand. "Read this," he commanded. Silently she took the slip of paper. "Peter and I were married this morning — by special licence. Be happy for me, Blake. Love. Tracey."

Lauren whisked a tear from the corner of her eye and hoped Blake wouldn't notice. "I hope they'll be very happy," she said earnestly. "I'm so glad for their sakes that things have turned out this way."

"It would seem, Lauren," Blake laughed, "that engagements and marriages are in the air. Hassan has invited us to a cousin's wedding."

"Us?" Lauren queried, raising surprised eyebrows.

He smiled infuriatingly. "When I returned the bracelet, I told him I intended to marry you. He still thinks we're engaged, so he will expect you to accompany me."

The day of the Arab wedding greeted her with its golden blaze. Excitedly she dressed in multicoloured silk. Blake picked her up as arranged. They had just cleared the outskirts of the oil town when a huge black cloud appeared on the horizon. Blake gave a muttered curse and with a deft movement, swung the car off the roadway onto a desert track. The radio crackled to life and Mr. Stewart's voice filled their ears.

From the intense concentration on Blake's face, Lauren sensed an emergency had arisen.

"Emergency! Blow-out at Rig Five.

Move! Keep me informed. Over and out."

"Okay Ed, I'm on my way," Blake replied and with a quick glance at Lauren, apologized briefly, "sorry, no wedding today. No time to take you back to Akhmar, either."

In no time at all, they were speeding across the desert. The sky was filled with a black pall of smoke that billowed and swirled and almost blotted out the sun itself. Without warning, Blake swung the car in an easterly direction. It was now possible to see the rig and in fascination she watched the oil push its way into the sky, forming a distinct vee-shape as it shot upwards. As they approached the inferno, there was the sound of a heavy drumming on the roof of the car. Now they were nearing the well-head and it was possible to see figures moving about. From Blake's tight-lipped expression, Lauren knew he was wondering what carnage lay ahead.

"Stay put in the trailer," he ordered and leaving her, headed swiftly towards a group of men. She waited for a while but there were no signs of him. Bewildered, she looked around to see if she could spot him. Where was he? A sudden explosion rent the air. Ignoring the heat, the noise, the fact that by now she was drenched in crude oil, she stumbled in the direction he had taken. Unaccustomed to walking in the soft sand, Lauren's feet sank. The hot air burnt her throat, making her cough and feel sick.

Suddenly she saw him.

"Blake," she whispered, then cupped her hands over her mouth and yelled his name. "Blake."

But as he turned, she drew back under the whiplash of his anger. "What the hell are you doing here?" He pushed his

Continued on page 35

BRIDE A-GLOW!

A wedding day is a day to remember, when beauty surrounds the bride wherever she goes. The true artistry is expressed in the brilliant traditional costumes and each outfit enhances the beauty of the bride.

A glittering extravaganza in bridal costumes and jewels was presented by IND-US International at a banquet held recently. Here we give you a glimpse of four brides of India in their traditional costumes and jewellery.

BELOW: The Tamil bride in a purple Kanjeevaram temple saree with an intricate pattern in gold. Traditional mango necklace matches the hairpiece known as "Thalaisaman".

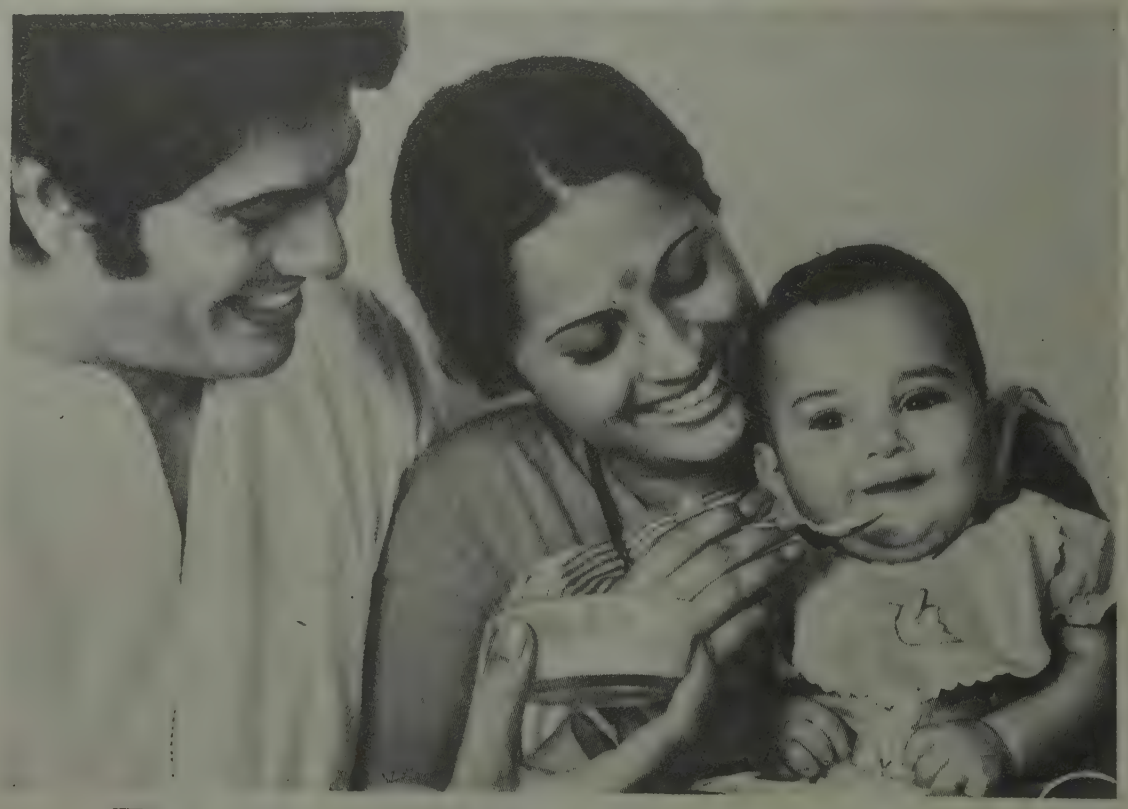
LEFT: The bride from Hyderabad in pale pink kurta and purple churidar set aglitter with traditional embroidery in silver zari.
Traditional jewellery "Jhoomar" on the forehead completes the outfit.

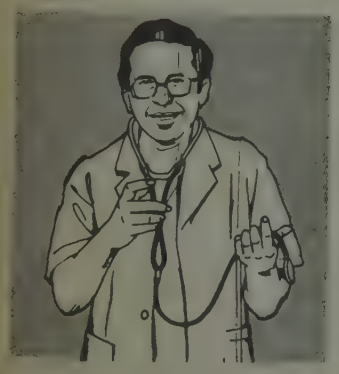
BELOW LEFT: The Marwari bride in magenta lehenga choli and dupatta ensemble. The complete outfit is encrusted with rich gold embroidery at the skirt edge and dupatta. The outfit is incomplete without the typical "Jaisalmar" necklace and head piece.

BELOW RIGHT: The bride from Punjab wears a pink lehenga choli which has silver gota work all over the skirt and dupatta. Platinum and diamond jewellery to match.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.





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Your baby's ideal solid food

Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food.

Mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all the recipes for your baby.

Now the same Farex goodness comes in the new 400 gm. tin.

Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth.

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

SUBBULAKSHMI JEGADEESAN

BOOSTING THE HANDLOOM INDUSTRY

Had she remained in the teaching profession, instead of entering politics, Mrs. Subbulakshmi Jegadeesan, Tamil Nadu's Minister for Handlooms. would have become a school Headmistress. She wanted to enter active politics even when she was serving as a high school teacher in Kodumudi, in Coimbatore district. At the time of the last elections she learned that educated, enterprising young women were wanted to contest the Assembly polls. Seizing this opportunity, she expressed her desire to contest, to the then General Secretary of the AIADMK, Mr. M. G. Ramachandran, and also intimated her willingness to Miss P. T. Saraswathi, the then Secretary of the women's wing of the party and the present Minister for Social Welfare. She was not a member of the party then.

Ten persons, including herself, contested from her constituency, Modakurichi. She was elected by a margin of 22,872 votes and eight candidates forfeited their deposits. She worked for 20 hectic days campaigning day and night, leaving her small son under the care of her mother.

Subbulakshmi got her B.Sc. from Seethalakshmi Ramaswamy College at Trichy and her B. T. from Sarada Training College, Salem. Thereafter, she taught for six years in the school where she was educated, before becoming a politician. As a student she took part in extra-curricular activities. She was judged the best NCC cadet in Trichy district. She was a Senior Underofficer in the NCC for one and a half years and participated in the Republic Day Parade in New Delhi in 1967, representing Tamil Nadu.

As a minister, she feels she can do a lot more for the welfare of the downtrodden people compared to the social work done by a school teacher. After assuming charge, she has introduced the polyester handloom cloth, i.e., poyester fibre woven in handlooms, in the market throughout the state for which she feels there is a steady market. New designs have been used for handloom sarees, making them more attractive. She has taken a personal interest in collecting sample designs from printing factories and mills in Bombay and Ahmedabad. Earlier, this work had been entrusted to the officials of the handloom department who were getting only outdated, mediocre designs. Now because of her personal attention they are getting the latest, eye-catching designs.

"Whenever I address meetings in schools, colleges and public places, I exhort the students and the womenfolk to buy and wear handloom textiles telling them of the perilous conditions of the handloom weavers in our country, and they too respond excellently." Her ministry plans to increase the export of towels and shirting cloth, valued at Rs. 1 crore, to Australia, the USA and Japan. Already readymade garments are exported in large quantities. She has sought the help of HUDCO (Housing and Urban Development Corporation) and the Central Govt. for building houses for the weavers in the state. Special medical facilities are to be extended to the weavers, initially with the help of two mobile medical vans exclusively allotted for this purpose. There are also plans to implement the recommendations contained in the Raja Subramaniam report on the conditions of the handloom weavers — such as giving them job security, enforcing minimum wages, etc. They are going to enact the Weaver's Wages Act shortly.

Mrs. Jegadeesan feels that, compared to other states, the position of women in Tamil Nadu is good. She says women in villages should be educated, for which educated, enterprising women should come forward to help. Women wanting to take part in active politics and social work should be encouraged and should be convinced about the social aspect of the political profession.

Mrs. Jegadeesan does not face any problems in managing both the domestic as well as official work. Her only son Jeyaprakash is four and a half years old and needs little attention. The minister is fond of reading the works of the late Anna and the late EVR whenever she finds time. She likes to cook, and enjoys trying out new recipes.

Under her initiative, the government stipulated that co-operative societies and government departments should purchase things as far as possible from village industries and thus patronize them. The government has allotted Rs. 25 lakhs for the handmade-paper industry, whereas actually they need nearly Rs. 3 crores. With the sum allotted, 100 handmade-paper manufacturing cottage units will be set up.

Only 25 per cent of the enormous wealth of the palmyra trees is utilized at present. Neera, the sap of the palm tree (which on fermentation becomes toddy), is sold to the public during summer. The other products — Palmta, Palm, Cola — are doing a roaring business in Madras and elsewhere. Palm fibre is used to make jewel boxes for export. There are plans to form palmyra co-operative societies in Dharmapuri, Ramnad and Kanyakumari. Members of the society will be allotted 25 trees each for tapping and producing articles from the fronds and fibre. The marketing will be done by the co-operative societies, and thus the members will be assured of regular incomes. Trees in Poromboke (unclaimed) lands will be taken over by the societies and leased to the members.

Soap and honey are also marketed by the village industries department. The government plans to inaugurate 300 textile centres which will be 'womanned' entirely by educated, unemployed girls who will be trained in the field and will be paid Rs. 4 per day.

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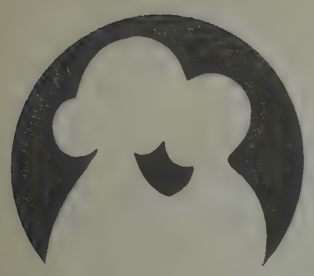


KIDS NEVER CONSIDER THEMSELVES KIDS: THEY ARE YOUNG ADULTS. THEY ARE PUZZLED, EVEN AMUSED, BY THE 'CHILDISH' BEHAVIOUR OF GROWN-UPS TOWARDS THEM. CHILDREN ARE SMARTER THAN ADULTS THINK, AND THEY KNOW IT

WHEN WILL ADULTS GROW UP AND UNDERSTAND CHILDREN?

Sigrun Srivastava

LAST month I came across **10 Questions to ask your children** in an international newsletter covering the Year of the Child.

Here is Julo, age 8½, from France :

Q. Should parents discuss family problems with their children?

A. Yes. It really bugs me. They are always telling you that you will find out about things when you grow up. Even when it's the child's problem they still won't explain. My mother has never told me why she separated from my father. I want to know because it bugs me a lot that my father separated from my mother. It really gets me upset. So it is my problem . . .

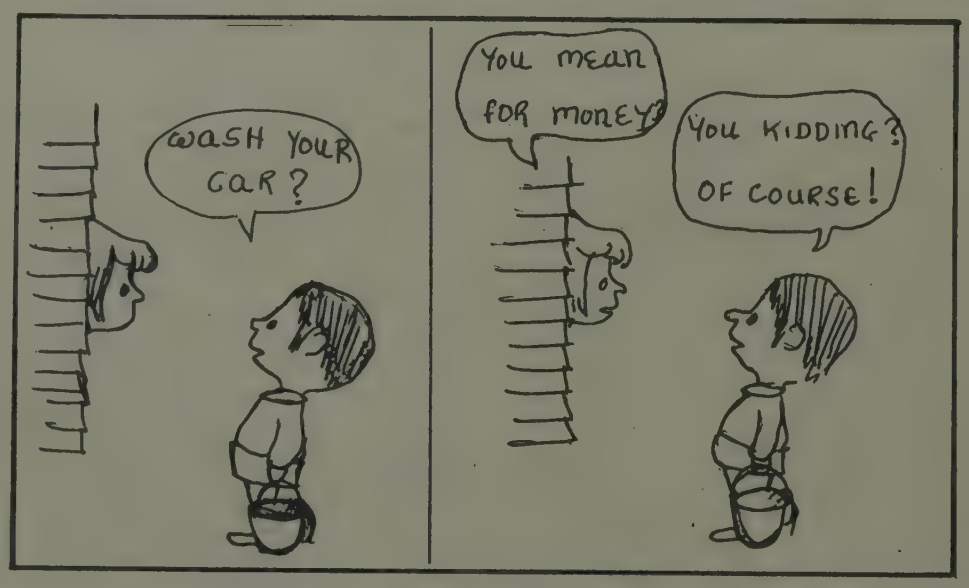
Interesting, interesting. Here were candid answers to questions such as "Do you think adults know how to behave with children?", "Are children given enough responsibility?", "How old should children be when their parents talk to them about sex?". Here were kids whose world was no longer made up of Mechano sets and Tarzan alone. They were disenchanted with fairy tales and Christmas stockings. They had made up their minds. "I don't like dolls," says Sophie Weitzman, age 10, who believes girls should be treated the same as boys. "When I get something like a doll's hair-dryer, all I like doing is taking the bottom off and getting the batteries out . . ."

Does this take you back to your own childhood? I don't think I remember being half as articulate. God, I would have been floored by most of these questions. But what about todays's Indian child? What makes him tick? What does he think about his parents? Does he mind having a working mother? What has he to say when his parents quarrel? Wouldn't it be fascinating to find out how he views the adult world?

I spent some very rewarding days talking to about 25 boys between the ages of 8 and 12 in Bombay. Most of the boys came from fairly well-to-do families and were obviously conversant with English. Meet some of them who were generous enough to admit me into their lives . . . never mind for however short a spell.

What are you going to do when you grow up? "Anything that has a lot of money in it. Money is important, you know. It gets you power, you know." Talking about money and power, that's **Morris** at 12! And eyes full of the devil, he regaled me with fascinating information. About how he enjoys his parents fighting. "But I never take sides. I'm neutral." . . . "Really, my parents are very softhearted. They punish me, of course. But I get even with them." How? "There's always Daddy's tie to hide when he is dressing for work". Morris usually tops the list in class. "I like to be the best in whatever I'm doing. Then I get a lot of bhav."

I met **James,** serious, quiet James. Very much a teacher's pet at 10. James can't ever imagine doing anything wrong. When I asked him if he was scolded/beaten when he was naughty, he simply couldn't recollect any such incident. "Nobody punishes me," he said simply. James wants to become a priest (his Uncle is one). I was so caught up with James, I went along my list of questions to this one : "When you grow up and have kids of your own, will you punish them?" And guess what, James looks away shyly and says: "I won't have children, you know."



Growing up is business. Says one bright, young, practical philosopher: "Money is important, you know. Money is power, you know."

". . . Oh, I take revenge. . . there's always Daddy's tie to hide when he's dressing for work."

Meet **Kersi,** cheerful, plump and what a livewire. Kersi has all the answers. He'll give you 10 wholesome reasons why he wants to become a doctor. "I want to serve my people . . . I want to help my fellow beings." It took me almost an hour to strip Kersi off all his readymade, textbook talk, to get down to the soft-hearted, sensitive child/boy. Kersi reads Hitchcock but he is afraid of ghosts. He recollects that every time his Mommy tells him 'spirit stories' he gets horrible dreams at night... Of course his parents love each other. How do you know? "Well . . . er . . . sometimes they look at each other in a funny way." What do you mean Kersi? "Sometimes at the dinner table, suppose somebody says something and suddenly they look at each other and smile. I think they forget that Grandpa and I are looking at them." Kersi's confidence and chattering springs from the knowledge that he is a cherished child. And his gift to his parents is the answer to my question "Whom do you like better, Mommy or Daddy?" Nothing on earth would make him say anything other than a loud "BOTH".

Jasbir Singh's favourite person at 11½ is . . . Hitler! Why? What's so special about Hitler? "He did exactly what he wanted, didn't he?" No, Jasbir wasn't simply mouthing something he had overheard at home or school. He knew enough of Hitler, the Nazis and the Jews to talk to me about them at length. Yet Hitler is his hero and he couldn't be convinced otherwise. Jasbir makes no bones about the fact that he finds his 'society' very 'narrowminded'. He's sick of social gatherings. "Who wants to hear bhajans all the time!" Luckily, he feels he has 'broad-minded' parents who don't make a fuss when he talks and plays with his girlfriends.

Very heart-warming sessions these. Reassuring to know that parents (especially Mommy) are still at the centre of the children's lives. And whether they consciously admit it or not, parental approval/disapproval does matter. Yet they aren't scared of their parents. What is more important, the kids vaguely seem to realize that it isn't a tame job being a parent. Gratifying thought, isn't it?

And do they express their loves and hates strongly! "I don't like my aunt. My Daddy's brother's wife. She is a cunning crook. She doesn't want us to come over to her house to visit our grandmother!" No, adults don't really bother them. Only, at least half a dozen boys mentioned that they were 'irritated' with the way some adults treated them. They detest being pinched on the cheek and asked "Have you been a good boy?". Kids seem to be born old these days. So kid gloves are out of style, you know.

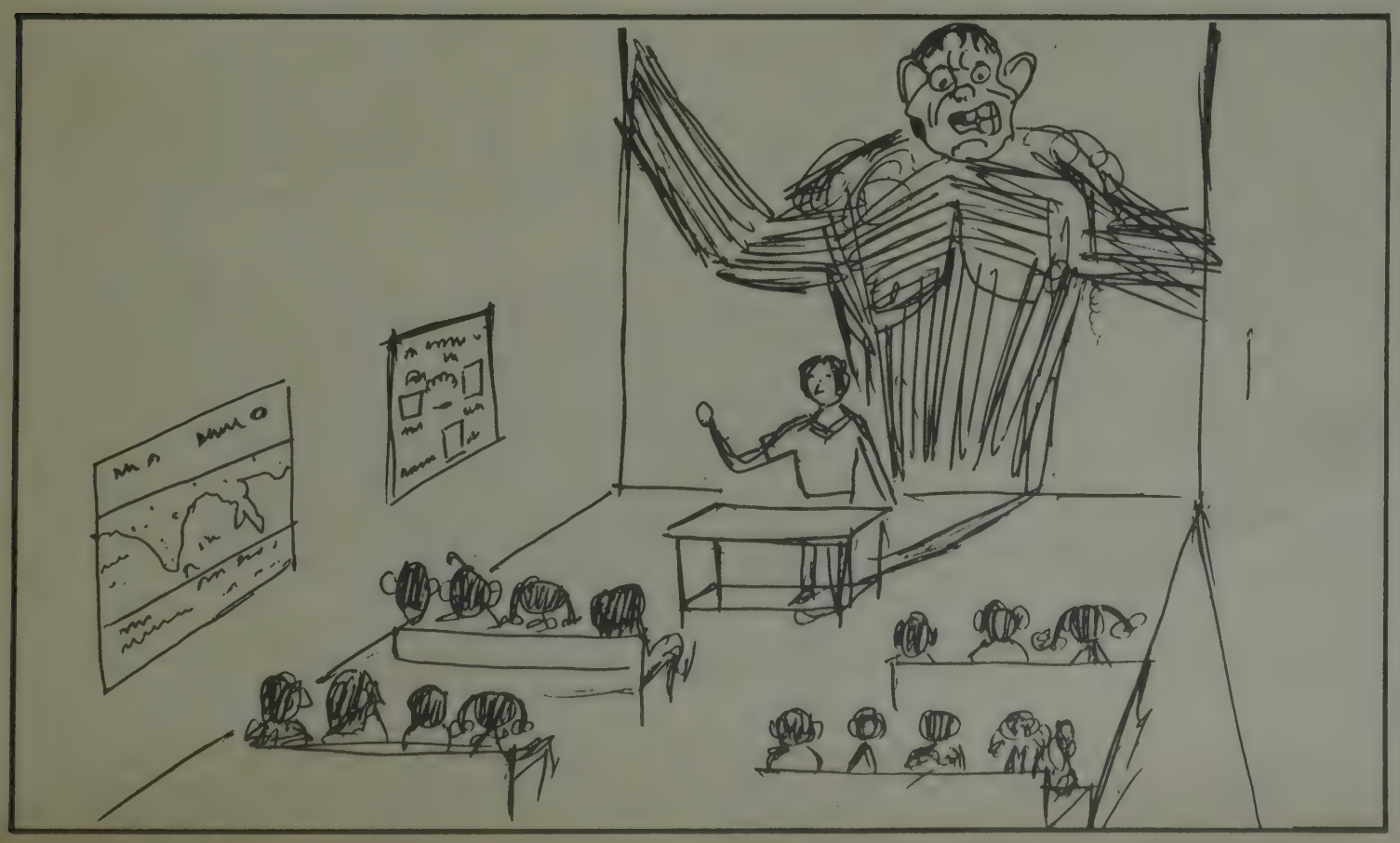
And let's please be careful about the yarns we carelessly spin to our children. They don't fall for them anymore. I remember telling my eight-year-old nephew how he should preserve his fallen tooth underneath his pillow if he wanted a bonus of 10 paise the next morning. The guy thought I was crazy. He laughed outright at my stupid fairy tale, making no pretentions about being taken in.

Vocabulary-wise too, I had surprises in store for me. One guy tells me he does his homework himself. "Only difficult concepts are explained by Daddy." 'Concepts' if you please! And talking about whether he would resent having a working mother, **Trevor** gives me quite a lecture. He wouldn't mind he says, provided she can attend to the children's needs at the same time. Probing what he meant by 'needs', he had a long list to shove under my nose — love, attention, studies . . .

"Nothing upsets their balance . . . nothing much, that is," remarked one school teacher who was in charge of about 50 of these 'toughies'. "They seem to be able to understand and accept most things. If you have the courage to answer all their 'whys?' you have a loyal following in no time!"

Growing up isn't easy. Especially in an adult world. Are we suitably geared to 'handle' our kids right? Cliches and fairy-tales don't help. The Big Bad Pathan doesn't scare them anymore. Yet they have their own brand of Bogey Men. Have we bothered to find them out? Or are we still talking at them in a language and manner they've no time for? Honestly, when are we going to grow up?

"Some teachers. . . they are like monsters."



SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS

Continued from page 27

breath through clenched teeth. "I ordered you to stay put. Get back to the trailer!"

At his anger, Lauren stood petrified with disbelief, only to be brought to life again when he bellowed, "This is no place for a woman."

The relief she had felt at seeing him unhurt, evaporated and she yelled, 'I thought I cared enough to see if you were safe, but don't worry, I won't make the same mistake again."

Hot and uncomfortable, tears pricking the back of her lids, she hurried back to the trailer. He came back hours later. The gash on his forehead was covered by a plaster and the red scratches on his face looked ugly. The blood on his sleeve had turned a dark purple.

"I didn't mean to get in the way," she said. It was the nearest thing she could come to an apology. "I only wanted to know that you were safe. After all, it's a natural reaction from a woman who loves you."

The expression on Blake's face was a conflict of emotions, as he moved towards her, tilting her chin with his hand. "You choose the darndest place to blow your top, Lauren. Who else but a fire-cracker like you would enact a love scene in hell let loose?

"Even Rig Five couldn't compete," he went on. 'It never stood a chance. There's only one thing to do for my peace of mind . . ."

She looked at him quickly, hardly daring to hope. She said coolly, "Send me home, you mean?"

He smiled, "No. Your home will be here — with me."

She went into his arms gratefully. From the beginning, she had known the desert held her fate. It had given her into the keeping of the man she loved more than anyone else in the world.

Concluded

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading bookshops and the MacMillan Company of India Limited.

LIVIN 'WITH LIVER

Premila Lal

In most families meat forms the main dish of the day. But this becomes rather monotonous and hence it is wiser to vary the menu with liver or kidney, brain or heart dishes. Liver is an excellent source of vitamin A, iron, copper, riboflavin, niacin and thiamin and therefore should be served more frequently than other meats. It is important that the liver should be fresh, cooked promptly or within twenty-four hours.

SHEESH KALEJA

500 grams liver
1 onion, minced
1 onion, sliced
2 green chillis
1 pod garlic
½ cup celery, minced
½ cup curd
1 piece ginger
6 cloves
2 pieces cinnamon
1 tsp. turmeric
2 large cardamoms
Salt
2 tbsps. ghee

Grind the onions, garlic, ginger and celery into a fine pulp. Now cut the liver into neat 1 inch cubes and arrange on toothpick or a clean broomstick. Each pick should accommodate about 3 to 4 pieces. The longer the pick the better. In a saucepan, heat the ghee and fry the cloves, cinnamon and cardamoms. Next add the ground masala and chillis

and cook for at least fifteen minutes. Meanwhile soak the liver in the curd and keep aside. When the masala is brown and properly cooked add the liver sticks and sliced onions. Let it simmer on a low fire. If desired, tomatoes may be added so that the liver may cook in the tomato juice. Liver should never be overdone as the meat becomes hard and loses its flavour. Those who like extra spice in their food can add ½ spoon chilli powder to the masala. Serve sheesh kaleja with tandoori roti. Makes four servings.

CHICKEN LIVER ROYALE

450 grams chicken liver
4 tbsps. butter, melted
3 tbsps. flour
¼ cup dry vermouth or wine (optional)
1½ cups warm, heavy cream
2 tbsps. shredded capsicum
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the chicken liver in half and cook them together with the capsicum for 5 minutes in the melted butter. Remove the capsicum bits and the livers from the pan and in the same fat blend in the flour. When blended, slowly stir in the warm heavy cream. Cook, stirring constantly over medium heat, until the sauce is thick and smooth. Add ¼ cup dry vermouth or wine if desired, and cook 1 minute longer, stirring until thoroughly blended. Season with salt and pepper and return the chicken livers and capsicum to the pan. Cook until heated through and serve over crisp buttered toast.

RICE AND CHICKEN LIVER CASSEROLE

8 chicken livers
5 tbsps. butter
2 onions, chopped fine
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup sliced mushrooms
¾ cup uncooked rice
2 tsps. tomato paste
1 tbsp. coriander leaves
2 cups chicken stock
½ tsp. dried mint
6 tbsps. grated Parmesan cheese

Brown the chicken livers in 4 tablespoons of melted butter. When browned, remove the chicken livers and brown the onions and garlic in the same pan. Add the mushrooms and cook for 2 minutes longer. Add the uncooked rice, the tomato paste, the chicken stock, mint and coriander. Stir well, cover and cook until the rice has absorbed all the liquid. Add more chicken stock if necessary, and stir frequently.

Cut the chicken livers into quarters and mix into the rice. Put the mixture into an ovenproof dish and sprinkle the cheese on top. Dot with the remaining tablespoon of butter. Place under the broiler or in a hot oven just long enough to brown the cheese.

INDIAN LIVER SURPRISE

125 grams liver
250 grams peas
6 tomatoes
½ tsp. mustard
1 tsp. cummin
8 red chillis
Turmeric powder
Pepper and salt to taste
250 grams potatoes
6 medium sized onions
6 pods garlic
Small piece ginger
2 tsps. coriander seeds
2 eggs
Ghee
Breadcrumbs
1 tsp. flour

Wash and cut the liver into small thin slices. Heat three spoons of ghee in a dekchi. Add turmeric powder and ground masala, and liver pieces. Let it cook in its own water. If necessary, put a spoon of water and when dried, remove it from fire. Boil potatoes and peas separately. Keep away four potatoes and slice the remaining potatoes and onions. Place a frying pan on the fire and put little ghee or oil and fry the onions and then potatoes and then the peas. Whilst frying, sprinkle a little pepper and salt and keep aside. Now take tomatoes, cut them into small pieces, add a cup of water and let it cook for 10 to 15 minutes. Sieve the tomatoes. Brown a teaspoonful flour and add tomato puree and let it cook. Add salt, a little garlic ginger and onions (cut into small pieces). After it has boiled twice, remove the sauce from fire. Grease nicely a pie dish and put a layer of potatoes, onions and peas. Sprinkle a little tomato sauce on it. After this, spread a liver layer and again fried vegetables and sauce and liver again. Keep a little sauce. After finishing the layers beat the eggs and add the remaining sauce. Add a little salt. Mash the four boiled potatoes and mix with the egg and sauce. When the mixture is creamy, spread over the layer and sprinkle a little bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, serve hot.

LIVER IN TOMATO SAUCE

500 grams liver, sliced
1 medium sized onion, minced
1½ cups sieved canned tomatoes
1 tbsp. vinegar
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Scald the liver, drain and pull off the outer skin and remove any tough portions. Melt the fat in a frying pan. In the meantime, brown the liver on both sides. Remove. To the same fat add the minced onion. When golden brown, add the tomato, vinegar, salt and pepper. Add the sauted liver to this sauce. Pour in boiling water to cover. Season with additional salt and pepper, if necessary, and simmer until the liver is very tender and the sauce very thick for about 30 minutes.

LIVER ROAST

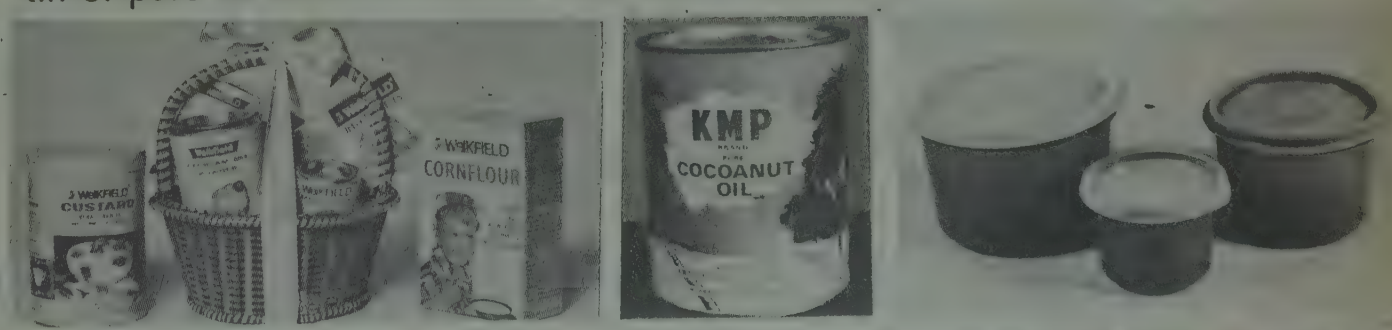
1 liver
90 grams ginger
60 grams garlic
1 bunch coriander leaves
Salt to taste
2 green chillis
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. pepper powder
1 tsp. coriander and cummin powder

Clean and cut the liver into 10 or more small pieces. Peel and grind ginger and garlic together to a paste. Chop the coriander leaves and chillis. Add the turmeric, pepper, coriander and cummin and grind to a paste. Mix the two pastes together. Add salt to taste, throw in the liver pieces and mix well again. Set aside for three hours. Apply a little ghee or oil to the skewers and thread the pieces of liver roast evenly over a moderate fire. When done slip them off the skewer, sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice and serve at once.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

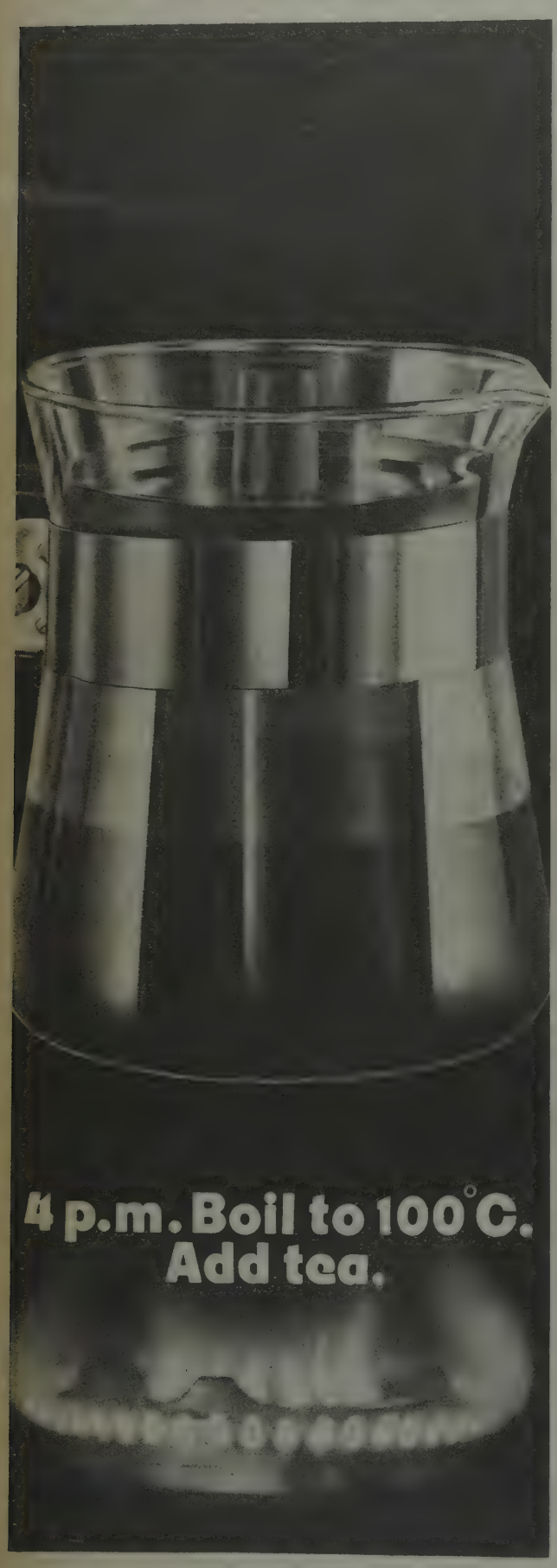
Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

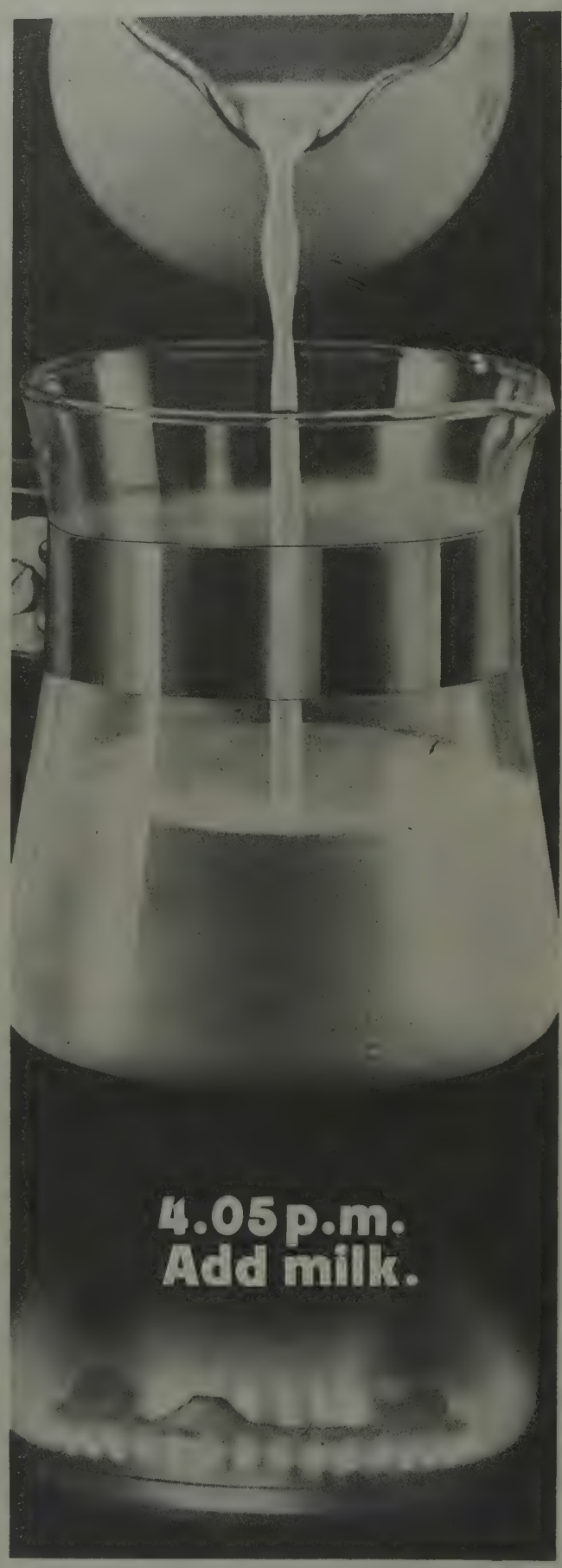
1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

THE CORNING CARAFE





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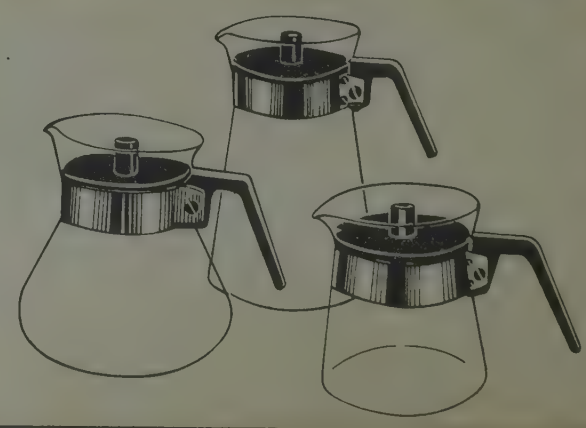

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Munira Karwa, Bombay.

LAGAN SEEKH

½ kg mince meat
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
5 green chillis, ground
1 tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1½ tsp. coriander powder
4 slices bread
Salt to taste
3 eggs, beaten
2 onions, finely chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped
4 tbsps. oil

Heat oil in a dekchi. Fry the onions till golden brown. Remove when crisp. Crush them. Marinate the mince meat with ginger garlic paste, green chillis, chilli powder, turmeric powder, coriander powder, and salt for half an hour. Soak the slices of bread in water. When soft, squeeze out the water. Add to the mince. Add the onions and coriander leaves. Mix well. Grease a flat dish. Spread out the mince. Pour the beaten eggs over it. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes or till done.

Mrs. Shirley Jhangiani, Vijayawada.

MOLASSES SOUFFLE

2 cups cold water
2 envelopes unflavoured gelatin
1½ cups milk
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup light molasses
2 tbsps. instant coffee
4 eggs, separated
1¼ tsps. vanilla essense
1 cup heavy cream
¼ tsp. salt

Fold a 24" length of foil in half lengthwise, securely tie around outside of 1 quart souffle dish as a collar.

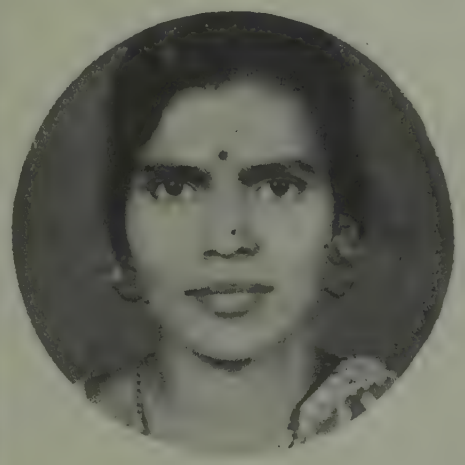
Into a saucepan measure water. Over it sprinkle gelatin, then add milk, ¾ cup granulated sugar, molasses, salt and coffee. Mix until well blended. Cook, over medium heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved and mixture begins to simmer.

Lightly beat the egg yolks. Add small amount of molasses mixture and blend thoroughly. Stir into rest of molasses mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly for 15 mins. Remove from heat and stir in vanilla. Refrigerate until thick enough to mould when dropped from a spoon. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually add ¼ cup granulated sugar. Continue to beat until they stand up in glossy peaks. Gently fold into molasses mixture.

Beat cream until stiff. Then gently fold into molasses mixture. Spoon into a souffle dish. Refrigerate for at least 24 hours.

WEEKLY WINNER

SARAS KUMAR, Madras.



Mrs. Kumar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

POMFRET CUTLET

1 medium pomfret
5 onions
5 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
1 sprig mint leaves
3 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
A small ball of tamarind
¼ tsp. aniseeds
2 cloves
1 stick cinnamon
1 pod garlic
1" piece ginger
¼ cup flour
125 grams ghee
Coconut oil for frying
Salt to taste
2 tsps. pepper powder

Clean and slice the fish. Make a little paste with red chilli powder, turmeric powder, tamarind juice and salt to taste. Chop finely the onions, green chillis, coriander leaves and mint leaves. Grind the ginger and garlic to a paste. Roast and powder cloves and cinnamon. Add salt and little water to the flour to make a thin batter.

Smear the entire surface of the fish with the chilli paste. Marinate for 15 minutes. Heat oil and shallow fry the fish till golden brown. Cool and mash the fish, removing bones and the outer skin. Heat 4 tablespoons of ghee. Fry aniseeds till light brown. Add all the chopped masalas, garlic, ginger and the powdered spices and fry till a good flavour arises. Add mashed fish and fry for some time. Add powdered peper and mix well before removing from the fire. Divide the mixture into equal portions and flatten into cutlet of any decorative shape. Dip each cutlet in the flour batter and shallow fry till golden brown. Serve hot with fried potatoes and sauce.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

June, 1979
CURRY SPECIALITIES

July, 1979
TEA-TIME SNACKS

August, 1979
CUTLETS AND KABABS

All entries for June should reach us latest by May 10, July entries by June 5, and August entries by July 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

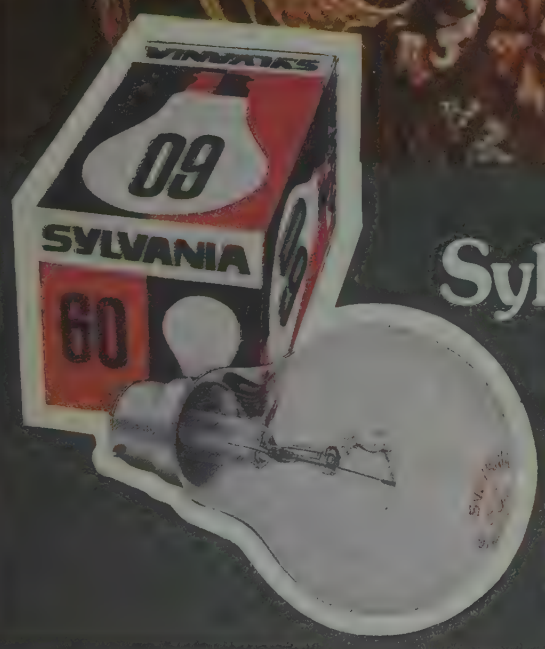
1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

There's Sylvania brightness in your future



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TRISHNA

TRISHNA WAS THREE, WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT SHE WAS NOT AS HEALTHY AS SHE SEEMED. IT ALL STARTED WITH A COMMON COLD....

Janaki Viswanath

It was a warm day in April a month after Trishna died.

They had gone to Chowpatty. The gulls flapped about. Screaming and swooping down on the water. Rohit had gone to buy bhelpuri. Suddenly one of the small birds tottered to the water. A huge wave swept it away. Shanu sat numb. The baby bird was washed back to the shore. The gulls gathered round it.

It was dead.

Shanu couldn't bear it any more. She cried. She bawled.

A crowd gathered. Rohit came running to her without paying the bhelpuri man. He threw the packets on the sand. Sand flew up and got mixed up in the bhel. He shook her.

"Shanu, stop it. Stop it."

"She's dead. Trishna is dead," she kept saying over and over again.

"Kya hua?" someone asked. "Kya hua? What else should happen?" she sobbed.

"Please leave us alone," he begged.

They didn't. They exchanged comments on what could have happened. Soon they had taken sides.

She cried and cried.

He slapped her. She stopped crying. She looked at him stunned. That was the first time he'd slapped her. She thought then that he didn't care. He helped her to her feet and to the car.

Rohit started the car. He drove down Marine Drive.

It was a lovely day when Trishna was born. Bright sun. A clean, peaceful nursing home in suburban Chembur. A bowl of colourful zinnias on the table. The nurse with a wide open grin.

"It's a girl," the nurse said.

Shanu had always wanted a girl. But Rohit was disappointed. He had hoped it would be a boy.

He wouldn't touch her at all. He came to the bed and pecked Shanu on her cheek.

"How are you, darling?"

He avoided looking at the baby. Shanu wanted to tell him about her. But he talked about the zinnias, the weather and the nurse.

Suddenly the nurse interrupted his monologue. She placed the baby on his lap and said, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Rohit was terribly embarrassed. Hesitantly he looked at her. All he could see was a red queer-looking face. At that precise moment Trishna opened her eyes. She stared straight at him. An honest open look. Obviously satisfied with what she saw, she held his finger in her hand and went back to sleep.

He wouldn't take his eyes off her after that. Shanu smiled to herself. Trishna had one more conquest to her credit.

Trishna was a healthy and cheerful baby. She learned to talk when she was only eight months old and walked when she was nine. And like all proud parents they showed her off to friends and relatives.

Trishna was three when they realized that she was not as healthy as she seemed.

It all started with a common cold. Shanu gave her some cough syrup and sent her to bed. But the cold did not go away. Five days later Trishna was running a high temperature and they took her to their family doctor, Dr. Gupta.

But the medicine did not bring down the temperature. And they went back to Dr. Gupta.

"Will she be alright?" Shanu wanted to know.

"I'll give her an injection to bring down the fever. She should be okay tomorrow. Give me a ring in the evening."

The temperature came down to normal that night. Rohit phoned the doctor immediately.

"I would like to see her. Bring her in tomorrow morning," the doctor said.

It was a grey Saturday. Huge rain clouds hid the sun. Shanu wrapped Trishna in a warm shawl before they set out for the clinic.

Dr. Gupta introduced them to Dr. Subramanian, who they later found out was a heart specialist.

"I wanted Dr. Subramanian to see Trishna," Dr. Gupta said by way of explanation.

The doctors were with Trishna for almost an hour. Shanu was frightened and Rohit couldn't think of anything to say to console her.

"What is wrong with Trishna, doctor?" Rohit asked, as soon as Dr. Gupta glanced their way.

Dr. Gupta looked at Dr. Subramanian. "Tell him," he said.

"We suspect that your daughter has got a hole in her heart. That's why her cold has been so long in curing. We would like an X-ray taken of her."

Rohit glanced at Dr. Gupta.

"Is she going to die?"

The doctors looked at each other and were silent. It was Dr. Subramanian who spoke first.

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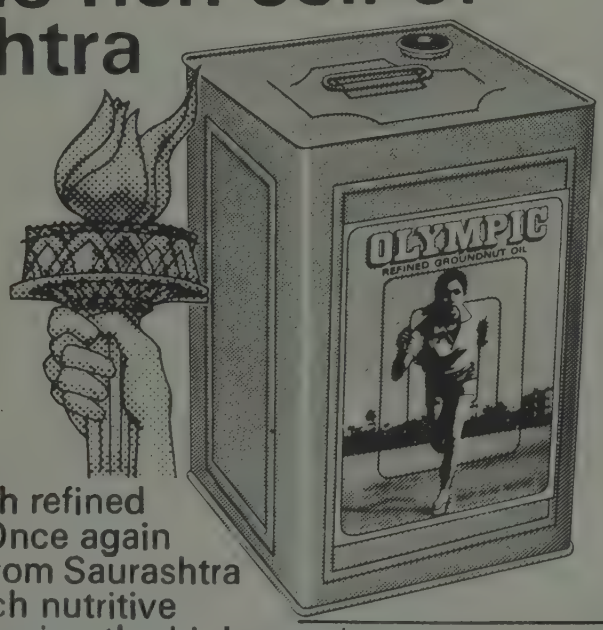

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Navnit/soci/529/79

Living in the glory of past achievements:

Is Bengali superiority a myth?

In the May issue of

MIRROR

- Why Tamilians are hated in Karnataka.
- Is Carnatic music dead?
- Nagore's shrine of miracles.
- K.P.S. Menon's pilgrim trail to China.
- Jharkhand: A special report on the Adivasis' demand for a separate state.

MIRROR

The magazine that's an education in itself.

"Let's think positive, huh? You bring her to the hospital tomorrow."

The X-ray only confirmed the doctors' suspicions.

For Rohit and Shanu, the days and nights merged into one after that grey Saturday. White walls, clean corridors and antiseptic smell. These became part of their life in their quest to find a cure for their baby. But everywhere they met with a blank wall.

"Nothing can be done right now for her. We have to wait until she is six at least," was the refrain they heard from every doctor they consulted.

When Trishna was six they took her to Vellore. Trishna took it in the spirit of an excursion.

She was thrilled at everything she saw. She pressed her nose to the window of the train. She took in the life passing by with huge gulps. The cattle grazing in the fields; the wild flowers growing on the side of the track; the grinning urchins; the crowded platforms.

"There are lots of people in the world. Aren't there, Dad?"

"Yes, baby."

"Are they all happy?"

"Not everyone."

"Like you and mummy."

"We are happy. We've got you."

"But you worry about me."

During the tests she chatted with the doctors. She wanted to know everything that was being done to her. She made friends with her nurses.

She got weaker and weaker with each test.

Finally one of the doctors came to them.

"We are sorry. There is nothing we can do for your daughter. She's got no strength to withstand even the tests."

They returned to Bombay weary and full of despair.

Trishna could not play the ordinary rough games of children. She stood at the window of her room and watched the girls skipping away merrily.

Rohit bought lots of colourful picture books for her. Trishna poured over them with intense concentration. She often dreamed she had a fairy godmother. With one flick of her magic wand the fairy freed her from her ailment. She could then hop and skip and dance.

She was eight when she wanted to go to the picnic they arranged in the school. Shanu and Rohit looked at each other. Could they send her?

"Why don't we go this Sunday? Mom, you and I. We will have fun," Rohit suggested.

"But, Daddy you don't understand. It's not just going to Powai Lake. It's the company. The whole class is going. I . . . why don't you let me be normal?"

Shanu bit her lips. Her eyes glistened.

Trishna refused to talk to them the whole day.

Rohit rang up Dr. Gupta that night.

"Can we send her, doctor? . . . she is keen on going . . . okay . . . we will talk to her class teacher. Thank you, doctor."

Shanu went to the school the next day. She met Trishna's class teacher and told her about their fears.

"Don't worry about Trishna. I'll see that she doesn't strain herself," Mrs. Fernandez assured her.

Trishna was very happy.

"I love you both. You're the nicest parents anyone could have."

Trishna came home from the picnic tired but happy. Shanu helped her to undress and go to bed. Rohit gave her her medicines and Shanu brought hot cocoa for her. Trishna slept soundly, while they watched on worriedly.

When Trishna was nine, she caught typhoid. It was a long illness with relapses. She recovered, but her heart never did.

The medicines did not have any effect on her. Dr. Gupta became a frequent visitor. Twice she was in the hospital under the oxygen tent.

She hated missing school and went back each time eagerly. And each time she would try hard to catch up with her lessons. She brought piles of notebooks home and Shanu copied down the notes for her.

"How am I ever going to thank you for all that you do for me?" she said once.

"Get well soon, that's the best thing you could do for us," Shanu said as she kissed her.

It was Ganesh Chaturthi. Shanu was making kachoris. Rohit was reading the newspaper. Trishna was pouring over a new book that Rohit had bought her. Suddenly she complained of pain and went to bed. Shanu washed her hands and went with her. Rohit got on the line to Dr. Gupta.

Half an hour later, Dr. Gupta was with them. The curtains were drawn in Trishna's room. She was breathing with difficulty.

"Daddy, will you read out for me? From that new book?"

"Okay baby."

Shanu eased the pillows and tucked her in. Dr. Gupta gave her an injection. Rohit read out to her.

Suddenly, Rohit looked up to find Trishna very still. He beckoned to Dr. Gupta.

Dr. Gupta checked her pulse. He turned to Rohit and shook his head.

The book slipped out of Rohit's hand. It clattered on the floor with a piercing loudness. Rohit turned towards Shanu. She sat on the other side of the bed silently watching.

Rohit got up and went to her.

"Is she . . . is she . . .?" she wouldn't use the word.

"Yes." he managed and sat down beside her.

They sat there for a long time. Not talking, not crying. Empty of emotion.

* * *

The car stopped with a jerk. Shanu looked up. They were on a side street. She saw the glow of Rohit's cigarette in the dark. In the feeble light the outline of his face looked firm and decisive.

"Shanu?"

"Hmmmm?"

"We'll leave Bombay. We'll start all over again. In a new place where we won't be reminded of Trishna."

How could she have thought he didn't care? To suggest leaving the place where he was born and where he had a promotion due, must have been difficult.

There was a long silence. The sounds of traffic on the main road wafted to them.

"No, Rohit. We'll stay and fight." Shanu finally said.

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SUPERB

Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

FASHION SHOWS

It was a thrilling event. Both Bombay and Delhi audiences raved about the fashion show presented at the premiere cities at the Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, and Ashoka Hotel, New Delhi, by Sophistication Boutique of Delhi, in association with Eve's Weekly.

These were absolutely sensational — in fact, the only show of its kind in India, over the years. Attractive models, both from Delhi and Bombay, delighted the audience as they strode onto the stage in splendid outfits, designed and printed by Sophistication — the name which has caught on in the fashion world. And above all were the beautiful new ideas dreamed up by the designers and organisers. The audiences were further enthralled by the typical Mughul sequence with its "Mujra" and the lovely Indian music used in the show for the first time in a show of this kind.

The beautiful sets of salwar kameez, pant suits, tunic tops, maxis and midis and sarees were all designed by ANITA DESAI. The show was directed by HARSHAD DESAI. And the music was by JWALA PRASAD. In Bombay the comperes were VINOD NAGPAL and KAVITA NAGPAL. While in Delhi the compering was taken over by ANIL SOOD and ABHA SOOD.

Special credit must go to RANJANA KAPADIA and AJAY ANAND for the efforts put in to make this an outstanding show, attended in both cities by an elite audience which applauded the Shows and gave it rave notices.

The models were RANJANA, GAZALA, URSULA, ANGELA, PAMI, SANGEETA, MAUREEN, KAVITA, SUNITA (STRUCK), VIDYUN, RADHIKA, SUNITA (SAXENA), MINOO, NUPUR, SHABNAM, MADHUR, PHIROZA, ANITA, SUNITA (CHINNAPPA), MARIANE, SMITA.

Models displaying the exquisite printed outfits in various styles and colour combinations.

Beautifully dreamed up sarees in organdie and chiffons, shaded and printed in splendid colours and designs.

Not models, but they too held the stage. Mr. Vinod Nagpal and Mrs. Kavita Nagpal, (first and third from left) comperes of the Bombay show, Mrs. Anita Desai, the designer and Mr. Harshad Desai, the director of the fashion show.

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Measuring Industrial Progress In Carats

In the cover feature, **N. R. SHETTY,** General Manager, Greavestool Divn, Greaves Cotton & Co. Ltd., discusses the problems of the industrial diamond tool industry in India with **Meena S. Nemivant,** Our Staff Writer.

ETHICS IN BUSINESS

N. M. DESAI,

Chairman and President,
Larsen & Toubro Ltd.
voices his views on a crucial and delicate issue.

WHAT ADVERTISING CAN DO TO AID SMALL INDUSTRY

AYAZ S. PEERBHOY, the veteran of many an ad campaign muses aloud.

HOW "LASONA" MADE ITS MARK?

In a special interview with **K. THOMAS,** Managing Director of Thomas Pharmaceuticals, a small-scale company, **Meena S. Nemivant** searches the reasons which made Lasona — the garlic therapy — a household word in a matter of two years.

TEN YEARS OF A. I. M.

P. N. Singh, an alumnus of the Asian Institute of Management, highlights the special role of the Institute in meeting the needs of Asian industries.

INDIA'S FOREIGN TRADE

Historical Perspective Of Structural Changes

Rikhab Raj Lodha takes a close look at the metamorphosis overtaking import-export composition since Independence.

THE WIDENING GAP

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A dispassionate analysis of the latest foreign trade position.

FERA & SIEMENS

M. N. Hebbar examines the working of the giant German corporation in India.

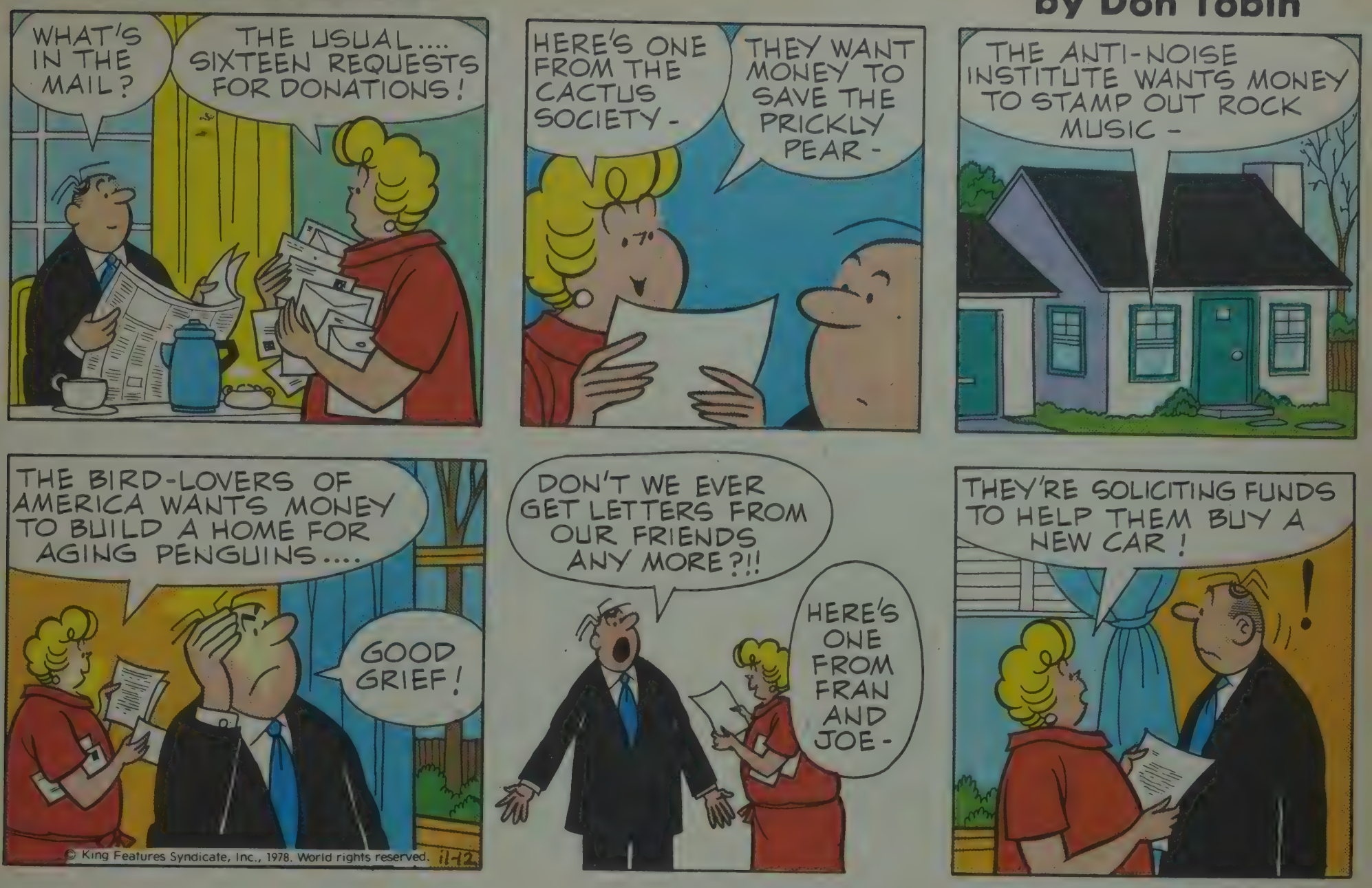
DO NOT MISS YOUR COPY

Industrial Times

MAY 7, 1979

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin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il-12

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Jock said that he would never forget his honeymoon hotel. Funny old-fashioned place it was. In their room they had a huge double bed, and on the wall behind it on the wife's side was an embroidered text which said: I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. On the husband's side was another one which read: LORD, GIVE ME STRENGTH.

* * *

I stayed at a honeymoon hotel once. You could tell it was a honeymoon hotel because all the couples in the lounge started yawning at six o'clock in the evening.

* * *

At a Women's Lib meeting, the lady speaker was interrupted by a loud male shout.

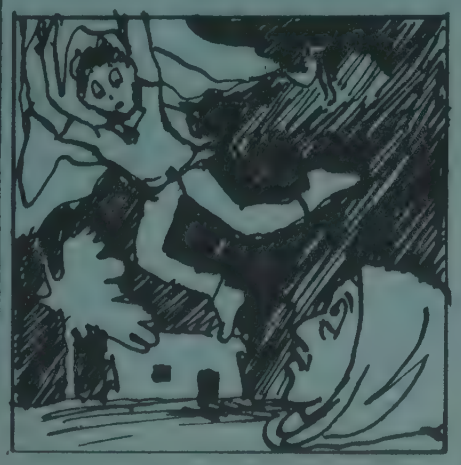
"Don't you wish you were a man?" he asked.

"No," said the speaker, "do you?"

* * *

The dear old farmer's wife raced out into the night to help a young man who floated down from the storm-swept sky at midnight into the big tree at the end of the meadow. "You really are a silly man to be parachuting from your airplane on a terrible night like this," she shouted, struggling with the ladder.

The young man yelled back: "I ain't parachuting down, lady, I'm going up with the tent."



* * *

The last time he came back from abroad the customs man said to him, "What's in this case?" He said, "Just clothes."

So he had a rummage round and pulled out a half bottle of brandy.

"I thought you said you only had clothes in this case?"

He answered: "That's right. That's my nightcap."

* * *

Teacher (looking over Junior's homework): "I don't see how it's possible for one person to make so many mistakes."

Junior: "It wasn't one person, Miss. Father helped me."

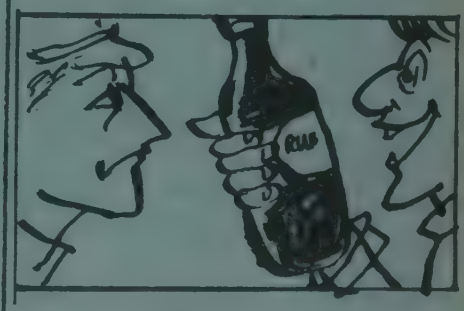
* * *

The census taker asked a man how many children he had. The man said, "Six. Their ages are 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 and 4 and they were all born on September 3rd."

The cenus taker said, "That's amazing. What's your profession?"

The man replied, "I'm a precision grinder."

* * *



Employer: "Why do you ask for a raise?"

Employee: "Sir I wouldn't ask for a raise, but somehow my kids found out that other families eat three times a day."

* * *

"Aren't you the girl I kissed in the garden last night?"
"What time?"

* * *

Compiled by
George T. Fegradoe.

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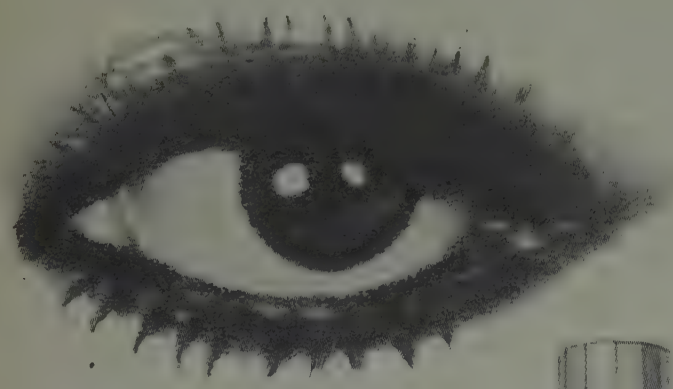

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IS DELHI SAFE FOR WOMEN?

A GIRL SLAPPED IN PUBLIC BY A TOUGH GUY, THE BLOUSE OF ANOTHER TORN OFF... WHILE PEOPLE WATCHED AND DID NOTHING

Ila Kapoor

A young college girl recounted to me what happened to her recently while she was travelling on a public bus in Delhi.

She was standing at the overcrowded rear end of the bus when she suddenly felt a pair of elbows pinning down her head and several males leaning against her and deliberately harassing her. She found it difficult to extricate herself, and from the distance she heard another girl scream "Kya badtameezi hoi rahi hai." She presumed the girl was in the same plight as herself.

It was some time before she managed to make her way to the bus exit, but her tormentors continued to follow her. At the bus stop near her college she tried to climb off, only to find a man boldy putting his arms around her waist and preventing her from alighting. The bus moved on. She shouted to the conductor to do something but he merely blew his whistle half-heartedly. Finally, the desperate girl jumped off the moving vehicle.

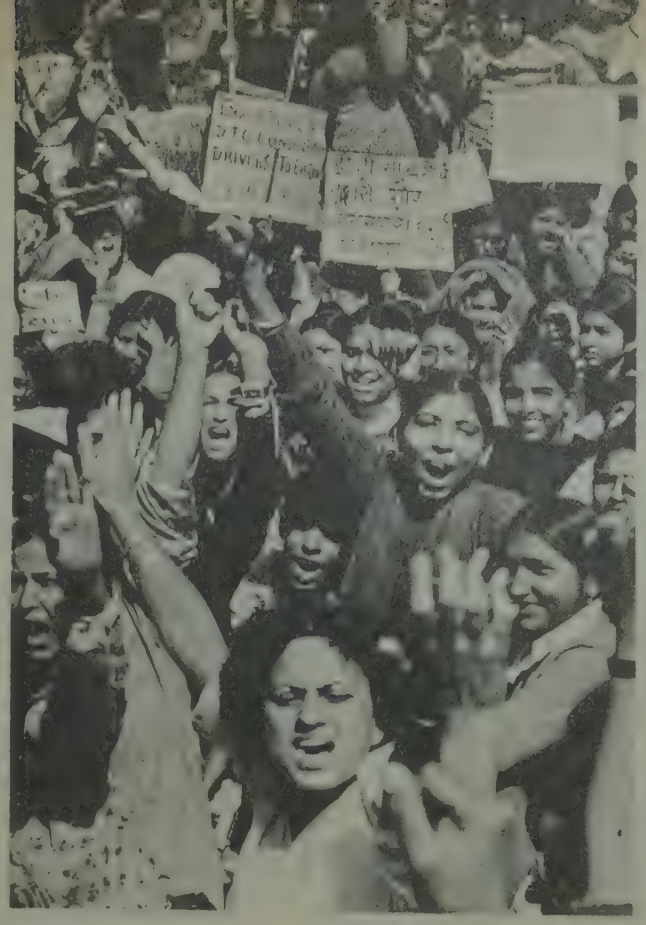
A lecturer in her college found herself trapped in a bus seat by two men who made improper advances. The conductor sitting just behind merely looked on stolidly. A girl from another well-known college had her blouse ripped open by a conductor in a mini bus.

At the Dassera mela held at the Red Fort ground two foreign girls found themselves accosted by a group of thugs. While the crowds at the fair continued moving around unconcerned, the thugs tore away bits of the girls' clothing till some fair organizers came to their rescue.

Later, the girls went to the Parliament police station to register a complaint. The leering cops all crowded around them. It was only after the embarrassed girls had finished recounting their story that the policemen thought it fit to announce that their thana was not involved.

Gita Chopra's terrible fate at the hands of the two criminals, Billa and Ranga, is well known.

It is only when a sensational rape-cum-murder occurs in Delhi that the public is temporarily shocked into deploring the lack of security for women. For most of the time people conveniently forget to think about the harassment and humiliation that thousands of women face daily.



"The attitude of Delhi men towards girls is completely sick," according to Nandita Bose, a working woman. "When I was transferred here from Calcutta I really got a cultural shock," she said. Nandita pointed out that Calcutta buses and trams are more crowded than the Delhi buses, yet there is no question of any eve-teasing. "The men often offer their seats to a lady and anyone trying to act fresh with a girl would be lynched. In Delhi, on the other hand, one often sees men cooly occupying the seats reserved for women and refusing to budge even when asked to."

According to Kanchan Singh, a college girl, the men in the North are just not used to seeing emancipated women. They feel that if a girl is wearing anything tight or revealing she must automatically be a loose girl. Some even believe fantastic rumours that 50 per cent of the college girls are call girls.

Dr. Sheila Uttam Singh, Principal of Indraprastha College, saw eve-teasing as a malady of boys who have led an inhibited childhood and adolescence and who suddenly find themselves isolated from the familiar background and face to face with the freedom and anonymity of a big city. The boys, she said, cannot identify the mod college girls with their relations back home. Also, there is resentment when the girls don't respond to the boys' overtures of friendship.

Delhi's Chief Executive Councillor, Mr. K. N. Sahni, felt that eve-teasing and the apathy of the public in preventing it showed the degeneration of traditional values in society.

Delhi's Police Commissioner, Mr. J. N. Chatturvedi, wondered at the indifference of the society which did nothing to stop the eve-teaser.

Last February Delhi college girls decided that more had to be done about the menaces of eve-teasing than grumbling in the common room and learning judo and karate for self-defence. They took out an angry procession to the offices of the Police Commissioner and the Delhi Transport Corporation to highlight the fact that the authorities were doing little to help them.

Temporarily the girls gained a bit of publicity for their cause. There was a spate of articles, letters and editorials in the newspapers decrying this menace. The DTC promised to make its staff more conscious of their duty in stopping such harassment. It even painted notices inside the buses warning that any person caught eve-teasing would be driven to the nearest police station. At the Delhi University campus a special cell was set up to receive complaints. Policemen and policewomen in mufti were supposed to be patrolling the buses in greater numbers. A special co-ordination committee consisting of representatives of the police, the DTC and 15 women's colleges was set up.

Has all this had any effect on the subsequent behaviour of the Delhi public?

Shortly after the girls' protest rally the Delhi University Students' Union announced that it was holding a beauty contest. There was an uproar

Continued on Page 62

Once again!
Kissan orange squash wins the gold medal at Le Monde Selections 1978 , Geneva.

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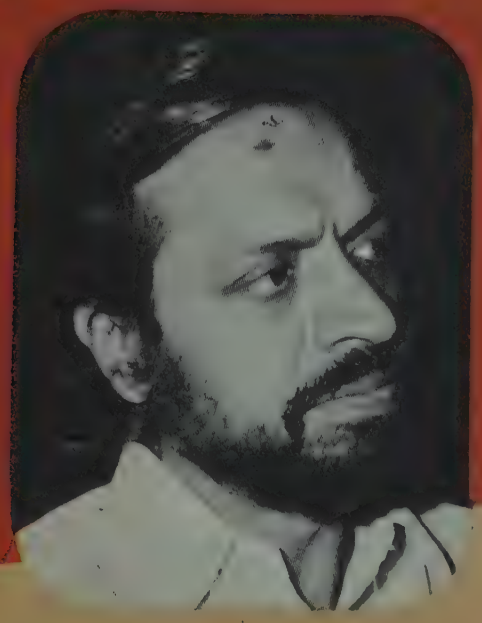


BENEGAL'S HEROINES
DEBUNKING THE MYTH OF FEMALE SUBMISSIVENESS

Benegal's women are strong, earthy, real — capable of bearing the brunt of social and emotional upheaval

A significant aspect of Shyam Benegal's social concern — as it emerges from his films — centres on his cinematic treatment of women. Most of his female characters — and certainly all his heroines — have been made of unusually strong stuff, capable of bearing the brunt of social and emotional upheaval. Witness the farmhand's wife in **Ankur** exploding at the young zamindaar; the school-teacher's wife in **Nishant** spitting fire at her husband who is almost passively reconciled to her abduction by the village buillies; the women who ultimately tilt the scales for the milk co-operative in **Manthan;** the spirited film actress of **Bhumika** refusing to wilt after a series of traumatic love affairs; and, of course, the memorable Marian Labadoor of **Junoon,** stern and unbending during the xenophobic storm of the Great Revolt of 1857.

NAFISA ALI

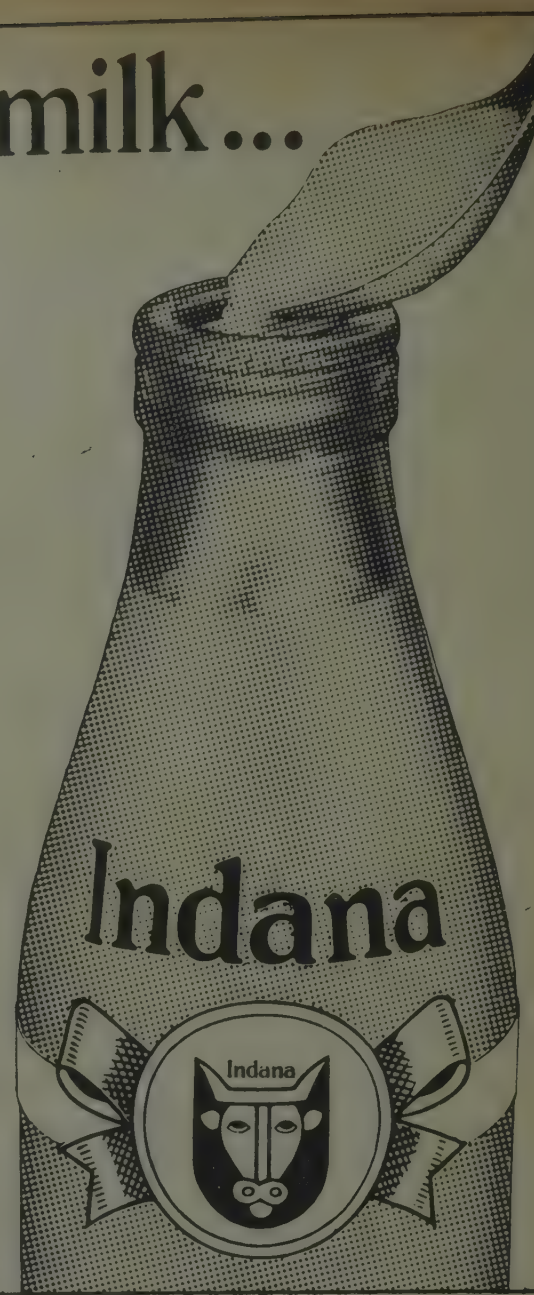
SMITA PATIL

This approach to female characterisation demands the sort of acting talent not frequently encountered in the normal commercial film circuit where pale wallflowers called heroines seem to exist mainly for a decorative purpose. In consequence, Benegal has had to create star personalities of his own to suit his earthy female characters. One would have thought that the range of his characters would have called for a horde of actresses. But, curiously enough, except for **Junoon,** where constraints of casting to the "firangee" type probably weighed heavily in favour of Jennifer Kapoor and Nafisa Ali and except for a regular two-scene stealer in Savita Bajaj, Shyam Benegal's choice of the heroine has swung narrowly between two girls in his camp: Shabana Azmi and Smita Patil.

Trained at the Pune Film Institute, Shabana Azmi strikes one as the kind of actress who can let a role grow on her, who will slowly but surely reach the dramatic depths it demands. Her classier performances have an enviable solidity that is perhaps the result of considerable homework and

Continued on page 57

When you run out of fresh milk....
Make some afresh with Indana whole milk powder



It can happen to any housewife : the milk boils over, turns sour, or unexpected guests arrive just when you've run out of milk. At times like these, Indana whole milk powder is a boon.

Indana whole milk powder has the taste of fresh, creamy milk. You can use it as you would fresh milk. Make puddings, curd, milk drinks, whatever — with no difference in taste or nourishment. Keep a tin handy in your kitchen.

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G-47 R

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Gleem Regular	Gleem Egg	Gleem Tonic
Makes normal, healthy hair silky, clean, manageable	Nourishes lifeless hair to give it luxuriant body and health with pure egg protein	Cleans problem hair, loose scales, itchy scalp

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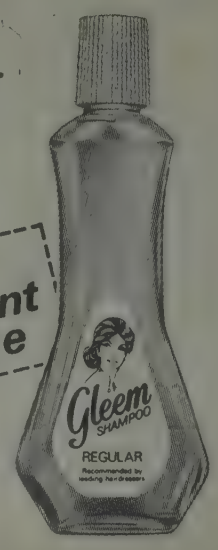

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Metal **EMERY BOARDS** do not peel or crumple and are waterproof. They have different grain on either side. One to smooth & the other to shape your nails perfectly. **ORANGE STICKS** are made of real cedar wood. They clean & care for your nails smoothly, beautifully. Use them to day.

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CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

NEED FOR MORE AT LOW COST

Alpana Chowdhury

Evaluation of processed baby food has to be considered from several points of view.

1. From the point of view of mothers who can provide sufficient nutrition to their babies for the first few months.

2. From the point of view of mothers who cannot satisfactorily provide their children with milk and who also have limited purchasing power.

3. From the point of view of those with no purchasing power and who suffer from malnutrition.

This being a consumer column our concern here will be mainly with the first two groups, to evaluate whether the money spent has been for worthwhile and relevant returns.

While granting that processed baby food has many advantages in our busy, modern day schedules, overestimation of such food would be fallacious. In spite of all its nutritive value, processed baby food is NOT superior to mother's milk. Apart from being the most proportionately balanced and easily assimilable food for the under-three-months, mother's milk is also the most hygienic.

Advertisements that discourage mothers from breast-feeding should therefore be banned. One such advertisement (of feeders and nipples) goes to the extent of saying, "Don't want to breast-feed? No reason to feel guilty. Maybe it's because you're a busy working mother. Or you're extremely particular about your figure. Perhaps the very idea of breast-feeding doesn't appeal to you. Not to worry. There's a simple answer — Feeder. And rest assured Baby will thrive just as if he were breast-fed."

Such an advertisement reveals gross ignorance and a sense of extreme irresponsibility. How a rubber nipple can substitute for mother's milk is beyond any sane person's understanding. Apart from the child's being denied its share of nutrition, adverse effects can take place in the mother who deliberately avoids feeding her child. Studies have proved that breast cancer can be one result of such misguided action. It can also create a sense of insecurity in the child.

Pressurization from advertisements also causes many mothers to attach a label of status and prestige to tinned baby food. The lower middle class mothers who can ill afford to buy these expensively packed commercially distributed tins often choose a dangerous via media. They try to make one tin suffice where two are necessary. This defeats the very purpose of processed baby food. The nutritionaly balanced powder loses its value when diluted with excessive water and the child will be under-nourished.

This might not have been the case had the mother's milk been supplemented with dairy milk that is economically more feasible. Also, for uneducated mothers, use of dairy milk is more hygienic as processed tinned food is misused by them. Clean boiled water is essential for the latter. Dairy milk is at least boiled for several minutes, even by our rural mothers. This is a practice with which they are familiar. Whereas with tinned milk powder — they expect miraculous results from it without following the hygienic steps that are a must. It would be desirable, therefore, for manufacturers to give pictorial directions on the tins or in an accompanying leaflet, indicating the proportions of milk powder and water, the manner in which the water should be boiled and the bottle and nipple sterilized.

The Lactogen tins do illustrate the process through pictures, but perhaps they could be more explicit. It must be granted that most of the baby food tins do give very clear written instructions. Some of them even mention that mother's milk is best and that the contents of the tin are only **supplements.** Health workers and doctors prescribing tinned food should educate the mothers about all these aspects.

A paediatrician of a public hospital, whom I was speaking to, said that he always prescribes fresh dairy milk that is to be well boiled and served with a spoon from a bowl. The spoon and bowl are generally and easily washed well, whereas nipples and bottles tend to be left lying around and used again without sterilization.

In fact, even some doctors of private clinics sometimes (when the mother is unable to feed her child) advise the use of dairy milk whose availability is guaranteed. It is better, they say, to let the child get accustomed to what is easily available rather than be forced to switch to it at times of tinned milk scarcity. A baby's digestive system is extremely delicate and sudden changes in food can lead to gastric disorders.

This is one of the reasons why advertisement campaigns in the form of free samples in general wards of hospitals are harmful. Can these mothers afford to continue feeding their children the same milk once they are out of the hospital?

All this leads us to the question of the price of baby food. Should it cost as much as it does? Ought taxation to be as high as it is (local taxes alone are sometimes 13 per cent!)? If the government justifies the taxes by categorizing baby food as a product that the affluent buy, then there should be a curb on the advertisements that encourage lower income groups to buy something that they cannot afford to use in the correct proportions.

But why must everything that is convenient be only for the affluent? Instead of making more and more articles out of the reach of the lower and middle classes (the latest budget even considers a time, energy and fuel-saving gadget like a pressure cooker to be a luxury item!). The government should begin providing a few facilities to them. In-

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Hindustan Sanitaryware come in exciting colours. Soma Metal Fittings with international precision. Assures no-leak, no-drip service.
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BENEGAL'S HEROINES

Continued from page 51

introspection. It is clear from her work in the commercial films and in M. S. Sathyu's hastily made haphazard film **Kanneshwara Rama** that Shabana slips miserably with a director given to slapdash film making. But under a patient, understanding director (like Shyam Benegal) she comes into her own. No wonder Satyajit Ray, after seeing her in **Ankur,** described Miss Azmi as "one of our finest dramatic actresses."

While Ray raved over Shabana's performance in **Ankur,** it was the London Times critic David Robinson's turn when it came to Smita Patil in **Bhumika.** He reportedly exclaimed: "What a range! And so quietly." Discounting the exaggeration implicit in the outburst, one tends to agree with Robinson. Smita Patil's forte has been the ease with which she has transformed herself from the zamindaar's wife in **Nishant,** to the abrasive rustic in **Manthan,** to the silent waiting wife in Muzaffar Ali's **Gaman.** However, her work in **Bhumika** came in for severe drubb-

ing from some of our respected critics who felt that though she did look the part (transparently built around the life of a Marathi film actress, Hansa Wadkar), Miss Patil failed to convey the poignancy one expected from a film on the travails of an independent-minded career woman. It would not be wrong to conclude therefore that Smita Patil excels in comparatively small roles (like her Manthan cameo) but falters in roles that demand a serious dramatic dimension.

Talking of "looking a part" brings one quite naturally to Nafisa Ali in **Junoon.** Probably suffering in comparison with a superbly controlled performance from Jennifer Kapoor, Nafisa Ali ends up as a dumb doll, and proves by default that there must be more to playing an Anglo-Indian than blinking a pair of blue eyes.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

JENNIFER— ENVIOUS OF SHASHI'S SUCCESS

. . .For the third pregnancy **Rajesh Khanna** has become very coy and embarrassed. I mean **Dimple's** pregnancy. For the last two months, I think, he is trying to tell me that Dimple is pregnant, but has just managed to say, "She has got red cell deficiency, that same kind of trouble you had once", or "She has gone cranky. She wants me around all the while. She has the rash", etc.

I may have been cranky or wanted him around, or had deficiency of red cells, but I was never pregnant.

So for months, for a year to be exact, Dimple looked pregnant when she was not. Now she looks what she is. . .

. . . . **Amardeep,** starring Rajesh, Shabana, is having 'dekho' trial for buyers. Everyone is praising the film, but finally only Chhabria distributors came forward to buy the Bombay territory.

Jennifer, Shashi Kapoor's wife, allegedly tried to commit suicide in Delhi. (They were there in connection with **Junoon's** premiere.) The reason, I hear, was **Shabana Azmi.** Actually, suicide needs no reason. As with acute depression, some people suffer from a suicidal tendency.

Shabana was the poor victim. In the show world, or anywhere else in life, people of the same profession finally couple up; sometimes the men or the women happen to be married.

Jennifer could be depressed. A successful, busy, slightly indifferent husband could be the cause of depression. But then success should mean luxuries, champagne, good living and extra-marital activities.

A wife is not necessarily possessive. She could be envious of her husband's popularity, especially since Jennifer could never be a top star on stage or screen. Why did she not take insufficient poison when her own sister Felicity Kendall's name was romantically linked with Shashi?

This unsuccessful but dramatic bid was aped by Jeevanprabha, wife of **Manmohan Desai.** She died, but not before she turned husband Man into a perfect villain and gave him a thousand new enemies. This, people say, was her second attempt. Some say it was because Manmohan had a roving eye, and the eye was steady on a girl whom he gave a steady income, a flat, etc. Some say because her son Ketan was getting too big for his shoes. Poor Man and Ketan, they are hearty young men with a zest for life. They, like Shashi, slogged night and day to bring luxury and good living for their family as well as their friends. If either of the two women had worked for a living, they would have known the value of money, hard work and life itself.

I know one thing: before shaking hands with a rich, famous filmy guy I am going to get his wife examined by doctors; only when they declare her 'normal' will I condescend to interview him.

TRUE CONFESSION

ADULTERY MADE MY MARRIAGE COME ALIVE

For a long time I had sensed that something was going wrong with our marriage. There was nothing tangible, of course. My husband Arun was not having a passionate affair with anyone. The malady was more on the negative side. An ennui which began in the familiar evenings we had spent together for the last ten years. The vacuous back-chat about office and home.

"Well, Gita, what did you do with yourself the whole day?"

"Nothing much... the usual. Cooking and the other chores took most of the morning. Oh, and Anu came over in the afternoon..... She wants us to come for lunch on Sunday."

A tossed brief-case and crumpled shirt. Coffee for two. No biscuits. Too many calories! A careless complacent shrug. The lunch invitation too is an expected thing. In fact, my sister Anu and I have been lunching at each other's places with our families for the last eight years on alternate Sundays, ever since she got married and came to live in the same town.

Arun removed his tie and tossed it to me. "Bloody day in the office. What's for dinner?" He always said the same thing and I answered with slight variations in the menu.

For a long time I thought that absence of children was responsible for the desperate boredom. The togetherness had got too much for both of us. Then I saw other marriages, with children thrown in, go on the rocks. I suffered a vague disquiet. What if such a thing happened to me? I analysed my feelings dispassionately and was a trifle shocked to find that I wouldn't mind at all. I had dreams about getting away from Arun and floating, floating in a cloud of fantasy..I felt airy light... and quite free. I laughed with relief. The dreams troubled me in my waking moments. They say dreams are a form of wish fulfilment. Was my yearning damnable then? Did I secretly want to leave Arun?

I didn't divulge my thoughts to anybody, not even Anu to whom I was very close. She often came to me with tales of the stormy arguments she had with her husband Vivek. She was genuinely hurt and during these outpourings cried herself red-eyed, while her two children were at school. She even told me she would have left Vivek long back for the children.

The first time she did that, I really believed her. I even contemplated writing to mother, asking her to intervene and save the marriage. But when I saw Anu next day, she wasn't the same person any more. She bubbled with happiness and said there was no one happier in the whole world than she and Vivek, so I had better forget about yesterday's episode.

I was as puzzled at their brawls as I was at the lack of ours. You may not believe this, but we never had any fierce arguments. When I saw old women in the streets with flabby muscles, weary with childbearing, I was reminded of our marriage. It was a flabby, lifeless thing. Even sex held no delights. I don't know how it was with Arun. But to me it soon became a dispassionate sort of exercise, to be got over and done with as soon as possible. If he sensed my disinterest at all, he never let out or questioned me about it. He went about the whole thing as if he didn't care at all, one way or the other. In fact, I think, lack of communication was our severest malady. All else sprang from that.

I dread to think what might have happened if I hadn't met Hemant. He came into my life like a breath of fresh air and suddenly I felt younger, more vital than I had ever felt before.

One summer afternoon I awoke with a violent toothache. The nap I had tried to take with one Novalgin to kill the pain, was abortive. I pressed a clove between my teeth. I put ice on my cheek to numb the pain. Nothing worked. It was sheer agony. I got out of my flat, took a taxi and drove straight to the nearest dentist.

There was a crowd in the waiting room and I had no appointment. I gave my name to the pert receptionist and told her I would wait. I could not spend the night in this condition.

By the time the dentist saw me it was 6 o'clock. He said the tooth was bad. It would have to go. Not just yet though. First the swelling had to subside. He gave me some injections in the gum, and tablets to swallow at home.

"Will I be able to sleep in the night?"

"Of course," he said. "Provided your husband doesn't disturb you!"

I glanced at him through my haze of pain, shocked at his familiar manner. He removed his spectacles and then I recognized him. He was laughing. He had recognized me before I placed him.

"Well, if it isn't Gita," he said. "What a pleasant surprise."

"Hemant," I cried, part of my pain forgotten in meeting my long-lost college friend. "I didn't know you had turned into a prosperous dentist."

"Not as prosperous as you, though," he joked. I knew he meant my size. Through the years I had rapidly added inches round my waist and hips so that at thirty-two I looked very matronly indeed.

I was touchy about my fat but now I did not show it. "We must meet some time," he said, "and exchange titbits about old times."

"Of course," I said.

"When you come for your tooth extraction, have coffee with me afterwards." His lady assistant showed me out with a smile and made me comfortable while she entered my next appointment in a bulky register.

I went home appreciably happier. The dentist's appointment was something to look forward to with pleasure. I let myself into the house and changed into a kaftan so as to be able to relax. Arun came in half an hour later. He seemed angry.

"Where the hell were you?" he snapped. "I got back from office two hours ago."

"I had to rush to the dentist with a toothache," I said.

"You might at least have left a note," he cried. "I paced in front of the house, then I went to a third rate hotel and had coffee."

"I didn't know it would take so long. I was in agony, so I waited at the dentist."

"Better rustle up some dinner."

"Won't you at least ask me how I am?" I asked striken.

Meeting Hemant had done something inexplicable to my erstwhile passivity.

He was stunned for a minute. Tears streaming down my cheeks I went on, "The pain is something terrible. Have you no consideration at all? I'm in no condition to cook anything."

"I see you're in no condition to go out for dinner either," he said. "So I will just go out and grab myself a meal someplace. Go to sleep. Don't wait up for me. I'll lock the door from the outside."

After he had gone, I flopped gratefully into bed. For the first time in years I had stood up to him. It was a relief. In fact, the hot words were the best thing that could have happened to our marriage. I felt happier in mind that now at least my marriage was like everybody else's. I don't know when he got back because the drugs Hemant had given me brought on a welcome and dreamless oblivion.

Next morning I was groggy. I woke up to find Arun had already made tea. When he brought it to me, he was gentler than he had ever been before.

My meeting with Hemant brought about another change in me. With an iron resolve I went on a crash diet. The tooth came out in a few days, but with it something else was extracted and thrown away. My complacent lethargy. For the first time in years I went to a beauty parlour. I did something to my hair and on the way back, bought a new shade of lipstick. I lost weight rapidly on account of my diet. When Hemant saw me next, he didn't recognize me.

"What have you done to yourself?" he asked.

I was wearing a maxie skirt and frilly blouse, something I had not dared to wear in years. Now with my new slim figure I did not shy away from it. My face glowed and I was suddenly conscious of looking my vital best.

I had been seeing Hemant off and on, sorely on the pretext of periodic dental check-ups, but actually because he lit an old spark in me which I thought had died altogether. I heard he had married an air-hostess and that the union had ended unhappily. There was some new rule permitting married air hostesses to continue working till they became pregnant. His wife evidently didn't want a child at all, so that she could continue to work indefinitely. All this disturbed him and her odd working hours were making him intensely frustrated. He told me all this in the course of our subsequent meetings. They were few in the beginning but they grew more frequent as passion flared between us. The stealthy meetings made the forbidden pleasure sweeter.

I will not hide this, because now in retrospect I am not ashamed of it at all. In fact, it was a release I had been waiting for. At long last I was able to find fulfilment in sex.

At home there was a disquiet and foreboding which I did not notice at first because I was preoccupied with my clandestine romance. My face and figure glowed with fulfilment and these things could not remain unnoticed by Arun. With awe he had watched the change that came over me, but if he found the transformation marvellous, he did not comment on it.

The change in him was subtly reflected in his behaviour towards me. He wanted me to accompany him more often to social gatherings, or to friends' houses or just to the movies. Previously he had shied away from social contact of any kind. It was almost as if he had been ashamed of being seen with me in public. Now he revelled in it.

There was another alteration in our life. The rut we had been used to was discarded

MY MEETING WITH HEMANT BROUGHT ABOUT A CHANGE IN ME.... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS I WENT TO A BEAUTY PARLOUR. I HAD MY HAIR DONE AND I BOUGHT A NEW SHADE OF LIPSTICK

altogether. One day Arun, of his own accord, phoned and cancelled our Sunday lunch with Anu. I was surprised because such a thing had not happened for years. He took my hand and pulled me towards him, "This Sunday we'll stay home and make love," he said with such intensity that it took my breath away. So did his ardour later. Quite suddenly, I realized, we had both begun to live. Something quite spectacular had happened to our marriage.

I went about in a cloud of joy. There is nothing a woman loves more than adulation. And here I was desired by two men. It gave me a heady feeling.

One day, Anu asked me what had happened to me. Though she was younger by three years, she looked washed-out compared to me. "I'm in love," I said recklessly. "Arun is a lucky fellow," she said, "to still have his wife madly in love with him after a decade of marriage." I looked away suddenly ashamed of myself. I did not want her to look into my eyes. Till that moment I had not experienced even the slightest element of guilt. Now it came and hit me.

When I went home after the morning show where I'd met Anu, I analysed my own feelings and got quite a shock. Gone was the desire to leave Arun. In fact, I had got so dependent on his appreciation that I hungered for the sound of his voice, the noise of his feet on the stairs. For days I did not go for my dental check-ups. Arun's absolute trust of me was so touching that I dared not transgress. My introspection revealed another peculiarity. I did not miss my meetings with Hemant in the least.

One day in the morning hours, when Arun had gone to the office, the doorbell rang. I opened the door and found Hemant on the door-step, looking sleepless and woe-begone. I could only stare at him. He might have been a stranger. Now I saw only too clearly, the grey streaks in his hair, the ungainly paunch. Arun seemed handsome in comparison. What had happened between Hemant and me was not an all-consuming love. In fact he was only the automatom who had triggered off some slumbering facet of me and brought life into my marriage.

"Hello," I said dully.

"You didn't come for so many days," he said in a rush. "I thought you were sick. I imagined something dreadful."

"Sit down, Hemant," I said softly. "I must talk to you. He sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair and looked at me.

"I can't see you any more," I said.

"Has your husband found out about us?"

"No, but . . . ."

"I'll go crazy without you . . . I . . ."

"He's so sweet and trusting. I couldn't do him this injustice."

"You're punishing yourself," he said. "Here you are, aching to see me! Why must you suffer the torment of a marriage that is dead?"

"You don't understand," I began, uncertain how to tell him. "The truth is, that suddenly I have fallen in love with Arun. I don't want to be parted from him at all. My meeting with you was the spark that lit the fire of our marriage into a consuming passion you will never understand."

He opened and closed his mouth in sheer disbelief.

"You don't mean it, Gita," he said at last.

"I mean it," I said truthfully.

He turned then and walked out slowly. He appeared to stumble and caught wildly at a chair. It broke his fall somewhat, because I was too stunned to move.

His heart, something told me. Why hadn't somebody told me he had a weak heart. A phone call from my neighbour to the family physician. Another to my dear husband, Arun. A flurry of activity in our tiny hall. A screeching ambulance downstairs.

"Who's sick, Gita," a solicitous voice on the stairs. "Is it Arun?"

"No it isn't Arun. Somebody else. A friend. An old family friend."

When I cried in Arun's arms later, my tears were a curious mixture of remorse and guilt tinged with relief.

"Who was he," Arun asked.

I told him everything in a rush, not leaving out even our secret meetings. He didn't say anything, only held me tight.

"How close I came to losing you." he said at last. "It will never happen again."

We look at my affair in retrospect as an episode that put life into our marriage. Strange to think, that but for Hemant, Arun and I would never have forged such a lasting bond.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Bombay Council of Adult Education & Social Development held the first national seminar on Adult Education, at which four papers were presented. Mr. Leo A. Rebello spoke on 'Opportunities for involvement', Mr. J. M. Gadekar, honorary general secretary of the Council, dealt with 'The role of voluntary organisations in the National Adult Education Programme', Mr. G. K. Gaokar, a Nehru Literacy Award winner, underlined the methodology, concept, and content of Adult Education and Mr. B. G. Wani gave an account of the organisation of the National Adult Education Programme.

* * *

In celebration of the International Year of the Child and the WHO day, a creche was opened at the Institute for Research in Reproduction by Dr. S. M. Merchant the well-known paediatrician, on April 7. Dr. Merchant in his inaugural speech mentioned that this is the first time a creche has been opened in a scientific and research institution. He said that the Institute has embarked upon a very worthy project and the example should be emulated by other institutions. He cautioned however, that the atmosphere of the creche should be homely.

Dr. Shanta S. Rao, Director of the Institute, welcomed Dr. Merchant and the other guests, and hoped that the creche would be of help to the women working in the Institute.

* * *

Nargis Mhatre will be holding an exhibition-cum-sale of exclusive girls' dresses, designed and tailored by her on May 5 and 6 at Sunshine Apartments, 1st floor, Dr. Rajabali Patel Road, Opp. Breach Candy Hospital.

This is her first exhibition. She has done the Singer's course in sewing.

CALCUTTA

At a solemn ceremony, the Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. Jyoti Basu, inaugurated the School of Nursing of the Assembly of God Hospital and Research Centre in Calcutta. Mr. Basu congratulated Rev. Dr. Mark Buntain, the managing director and Lt. Gen. N. Adiseshiah, the medical director, on the excellent work being done by this non-profit-making hospital, which has acquired the latest medical equipment. The Minister for PWD, Mr. Jatin Chakravarty, said that the hospital authorities were answering a felt need by the establishment of this School of Nursing.

Saroja Vaidyanathan, a well-known exponent of Bharata Natyam, came from Delhi to perform at the Handloom Expo. The recital, arranged by the Department of Information and Cultural Affairs, was her first in Calcutta, and her artistic skill, reflected by the imaginative choreography, made a great impression on the audience.

* * *

The Pheonix Sporting Club arranged a Sit and Draw competition for children under 14 years of age, to mark the International Year of the Child. There were nearly 175 entries, divided into two age groups, those under eight years old and those between the ages of nine and 14. The winners were Arwa Calcuttawalla, aged five, and Sakina Ben-

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1. Mrs. Anita Parikh, (left) president and members of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay Dist. 314, distribute blankets to foothpath dwellers.

2. Seen at the first national seminar on Adult Education, held under the auspices of the Bombay Council of Adult Education & Social Development, are seen, from left, Mr. S. S. Deshmane, Mrs. Kamal Gupte, Miss Kashmira Baria, Mr. Leo Rebello and Mrs. Maimunna Contractor.

3. Dr. S. M. Merchant who inaugurated a creche at the Institute for Research and Reproduction, Bombay, being greeted by Dr. Shanta S. Rao, director of the Institute.

4. As a part of the 16th National Maritime Day celebrations, a Maritime Ball was held in Bombay. Rear Admiral Krishan Dev, managing director, Shipping Corporation of India, presents the trophy to Miss Rashna Boywalla who was adjudged the winner in the Mermaid beauty contest.

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gali, aged 12. Interestingly, the members of the Pheonix Sporting Club are all under 17 years old.

* * *

The Anamika Kala Sangam presented a festival of plays produced by Delhi's National School of Drama Repertory Company.

Five plays were staged of which special mention must be made of Girish Karnad's 'Tughlaq', a highly imaginative production which was held in the open air with effective use of lighting and evocative music.

* * *

The Indira Musical School (named after Indira Devi Chowdhurani, Rabindranath Tagore's niece), presented Tagore's morning melodies sung by foremost singers Suchitra Mitra, Ritu Guha, and Ashoketaru Banerjee. A tremendous mood of serenity held the audience spellbound while these artistes rendered the difficult **ragas** with their rhythmic variations and subtle emotional content.

MADRAS

The S. S. Universe — a Floating University, called at the Madras Harbour as part of a 'semester at sea'. She commenced her voyage at Los Angeles, and visited Hawaii, Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore, before reaching Madras. One of the highlights of this semester was the focus on India. The students and the faculty were given a warm and traditional South Indian reception with a caparisoned elephant garlanding all of them.

LUCKNOW

An eye-catching exhibition of batik paintings and coir wall-hangings was sponsored by Tarni, the exclusive women artists' association, at Hotel Clarks Avadh. The fourth of its kind to be organised by Tarni, it featured the works of nalf-a-dozen artists. Leading batik exponent Mrs. Prabha Panwar's expertise was evident in a powerful wall-hanging titled 'Om Shiva Namah'. Other attractions included richly tempered sarees, splayed with imaginative designs and colours. Mrs. Gautum, Director, Cultural Affairs Department, presided over the inauguration of the exhibition.

AHMEDABAD

Miss Pratibha Pandit was felicltated and awarded a cash prize of Rs. 1000, a shawl and a **tamrapatra** for her contribution to folk art by Gujarat's Chief Minister Mr. Babubhai Patel, at a function arranged by the Gujarat Sangit, Nrutya and Natak Academy. Sarita Joshi acepted the award for the late Mr. Pravin Joshi, the great dramatist. Aditya Merh accepted the award for his mother, the late Mrs. Anjali Merh, the noted dancer of Baroda. Information Minister Mr. Popatlal Vyas was in the chair.

HYDERABAD

The Golconda Society in collaboration with the A. P. Tourism Department, held its 4th Annual Festival. Among the events arranged were a dinner at the tomb of the founder of Hyderabad, Mohammed Quli Qutb Shah, a seminar on the tourism potential of Golconda, a **qawwali,** music programmes and **Kuchipudi** and **Shiva Tandava** performances. An exhibition of photographs on the life of Mahboob Ali Pasha was a great attraction.

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5. Members of the Lion Ladies Club of Vijayawada, seen in front of the bus-stop they constructed. From left, Dr. Hymavati Devi, Sheshu Subha Rao, Asma A. Mehdi, president, Yusuf and Revati Sharma, secretary.

6. Mrs. Mohini Gill, wife of Lt. Gen. I. S. Gill, PVSM, MC, GOC-in-C Western Command, seen at the exhibition arranged by the wives of officers and jawans at an Army unit craft centre at Allahabad. At ext. left is Mrs. Laila Singh, wife of Maj. Gen. Rajinder Singh, General Officer Commanding.

7. Mr. S. Krishnaswami, president of the Coimbatore West Rotary Club presents the "For the Sake of Honour Award", the highest award presented by Rotary International, to Mother Teresa.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK MAY 6 — 12, 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

The influence of the planet Uranus is strong in your birthday chart. So you must be prepared for sudden upheavals, surprises, changes — some pleasing, some irritating. You will be winding up several aspects of present activities and planning a new course. However, should you take on an adventurous new project, this will involve more effort than you at present anticipate, although it should eventually succeed. An ardent trend in romance, and especially after September 1979 well into 1980. Between now and September, home and family life is aided by the benefic planet Jupiter and money prospects are generally promising.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

A very busy week when you might find it difficult to fit everything in. You'll have time to relax — and will also get reward for present efforts. Anything new begun recently should prosper, and you should be basking in an affectionate atmosphere.

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

A minor disappointment early in the week should not be taken too seriously. In fact, it could work to your advantage in a roundabout way. Life should be lucky and loving from now on. If single, some promising meetings soon.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Some undercurrents you can't quite fathom — and secrets will be confided to you, but make sure you don't give your own away. You will feel restless this week, eager to get moving on several ideas. But it is better to wait a week or two, for your stars will push you into changes soon.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

That special relationship you are seeking may elude you for a time but is certainly on the way, if unattached. However, there is much social activity in the weeks ahead. One new friendship will be fortunate for your affairs.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

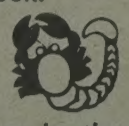
Lucky stars are affecting you in the months ahead, so be sure to grasp opportunities and rise to challenges. Your talent for organization will serve you well. Make the most of your charms — but watch your own interests on Thursday.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

A happening right at the end of the week will somehow sort out your feelings. You are in a period of change and, if born in late August, will feel this very strongly. All Virgo folk will have the urge to either finish off or begin a new activity — or perhaps a friendship.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

You could be feeling a bit low, healthwise and in confidence. People have been somewhat demanding lately — but not too eager to give out to you. As this week ends, so improvement sets in, generally, so make up your mind to avert quarrels this week.



SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

If you have felt problems building up in the background of your activities, these will tend to come to a head by late June. The Full Moon in Scorpio on the 12th could see you taking a decision in personal life. Desire for change will be strong.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Happy new friendships will begin in this sociable week; the atmosphere will be romantic. Yet, you could be thinking back to what might have been — and so on. You must look forward now. A good week for money matters.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

You have probably made changes in home life recently. If not they could occur this week. However, your starry picture changes now and the emphasis is on love and the lighter side of life for a few weeks. Extra money will come in.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

You will be forming new plans for the future. These will succeed — but not without a few challenges and frustrations. Special goals are within reach. Between now and September take care in your spending, but don't neglect the social scene.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

If born around the end of February, your mood could be uncertain, life rather changeable. This is unavoidable and adjustments will eventually work out well for you, leading you into a happy new scene, a more prosperous one. Lighten your mood, for it can be a super week for all Pisceans, socially.

IS DELHI SAFE FOR WOMEN?

Continued from Page 49

looked upon women simply as sex objects and had no respect for their personality.

But the DUSU refused to budge. The only concession granted was that the contest was changed from 'beauty competition' to 'personality contest'. But the manner in which the selection was made showed clearly that the criteria were looks and figure. The selections were made in secret as the DUSU feared the wrath of the other students. But on the day of the crowning of the winner a crowd of several thousand wolf-whistling boys turned up. The ceremony had to be abandoned halfway when hundreds descended on the stage to mob the chief guest, actor Dev Anand.

A more telling and outrageous incident occurred on February 15. A college girl travelling in a bus towards the university was suddenly slapped by a lout. The entire bus, including a policeman, did nothing. The conductor was at the other end and could not have seen the incident. When the girl protested, her tormentor calmly gave her another slap.

Why was she singled out for this treatment? It appears that the girl was one of the leaders of the movement against eve-teasing and this was the idea of some thugs for putting her in her place.

In the three months of December 1978, and January and February 1979 there were 216 reported cases of eve-teasing and 21 cases of molestation in Delhi. Between March 1978 and February 1979 there were 70 cases of rape in Delhi.

Last year 340 eve-teasers were arrested and two were externed from the Capital.

Delhi — through centuries the capital of successive empires. Delhi which saw the chivalry of the Rajputs, the gallantry and cultural pageantry of the Moghuls, the pomp and righteousness of the British. Delhi — the Hyde Park for about a thousand of the nation's noisiest politicians. Delhi — the capital of a nation of 600 million, a nation with one of the richest cultural traditions in the world. Delhi — today the arena of louts and docile, sniggering spectators, where the popular sport is teasing and molesting girls, where rape statistics are the most titillating social comment.

It is not Delhi's shame alone — if Delhi ever feels any shame about its humiliation of women. It is the shame of a nation.

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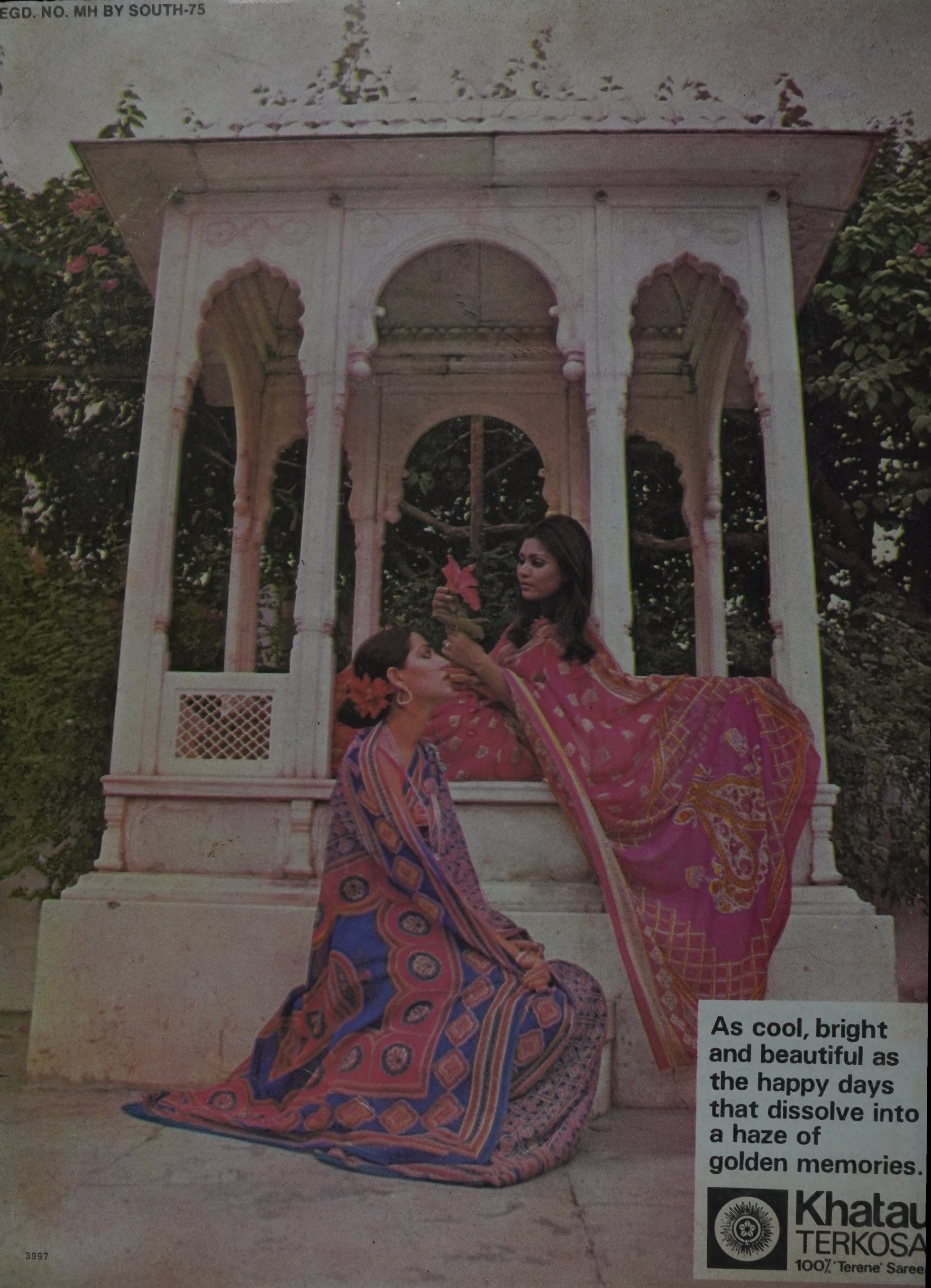

As cool, bright and beautiful as the happy days that dissolve into a haze of golden memories.

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